

# The Sketch

No. 1081.—Vol. LXXXIV.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1913.

SIXPENCE.



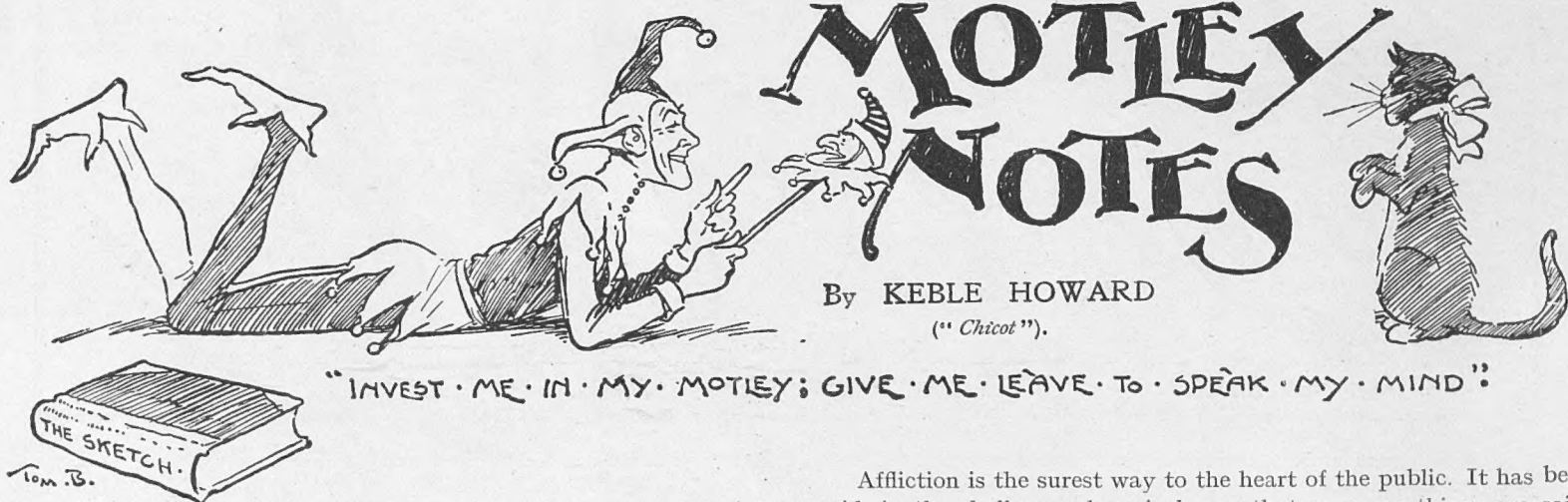
ONE OF THE MORE TANGO-Y MOVEMENTS IN THE REAL TANGO: MR. GEORGE GROSSMITH AND MISS KITTY MASON.

KNEE TO KNEE, AT THE GAIETY.

As mentioned under our other page of four photographs illustrating the same subject in this Number, Miss Kitty Mason and Mr. George Grossmith are giving an exposition of the real Tango and the Brazilian Machiche as a new item in "The Girl on the Film," at the Gaiety. Needless to say, they do it very well, and their performance is extremely popular.

*Photograph by Foulsham and Benfield.*





### The Topic of the Moment.

If you were asked suddenly, friend the reader, to name the topic of the moment, what would be your reply? Would you have any reply? I doubt whether you would—for the very good reason that there is no topic of the moment. There are ten or twenty topics of the moment—I am writing, bear in mind, several days before publication—but there is no outstanding topic of the moment. Journalists are for ever searching for the topic of the moment, but they rarely find it. It very rarely happens that a whole nation is thinking of the same thing at the same time. Nor can you compel a nation to think of the same thing at the same time by writing about that particular thing in the newspapers. The man who has a bad toothache does not care a snap of the fingers which horse wins the Derby, or which financier has been convicted of fraud. The topic of the moment with him is his toothache, and the only way to interest him is to talk to him about his toothache, and suggest a certain cure for it. It is even possible that he might be persuaded to read something very human and sensible on the subject of toothaches, but nothing in the world would induce him to read about politics, or wrecks, or football matches.

Most people have their toothache. Some are in physical pain, some are struggling tooth and nail for a living, some have had a sudden personal grief, some have had a sudden personal success; there are almost as many topics of the moment, therefore, as there are inhabitants of these islands.

**"All the Rage."** When you hear, therefore, of a thing being "all the rage," or "all the talk," or "all the go," consider what this style of speech really means. It means that half a million people, perhaps, are mildly interested, for the time being, in this thing, whatever it is. Half a million people sounds rather important, but, in reality, what does it mean? It means that one person in every hundred—I am not much of an arithmetician, and I have never yet been certain of the population of the British Isles, but I fancy that is about right—is mildly interested in this all-absorbing topic. The other ninety-nine know nothing and care nothing about it.

That is why so many people who fondly imagine themselves famous are occasionally startled to discover that they are nothing of the sort. I happened to overhear a very enlightening conversation one day in a big West End shop. The wife of a very well-known writer had been buying some goods—

ASSISTANT: Can I send them for you, Madam?

LADY: Yes, please.

ASSISTANT: Certainly, Madam. What is the name, please?

LADY: Mrs. World-Famous Jones.

ASSISTANT: I beg your pardon, Madam?

LADY: Mrs. World-Famous Jones!

ASSISTANT: I am very, sorry, Madam. Would you kindly spell it?

### The Heart of the Public.

To get at the heart of the public is a long and difficult process. To get at the intelligence of the public is a much easier and much quicker thing. Almost anybody can interest the public. The public is interested in politics, for example, but how many politicians could claim that they are beloved of the public? Even athletes, who are fifty times as popular as politicians, are not always beloved of the public. If a man falls upon evil times, he does not write to his favourite cricketer and ask for advice. Athletes are admired, sometimes worshipped, but they are seldom beloved until they get old or meet with some affliction.

Affliction is the surest way to the heart of the public. It has been said, in the shallow and cynical way that so many things are said, that prosperity makes friends and adversity dispels them. Exactly the opposite is the real truth. Prosperity alone never yet made a genuine friend for any man. Prosperity is commonly supposed to be sufficient unto itself, and self-sufficiency craves no love. It is only when somebody discovers the human heart beneath the shell of gold that the prosperous man makes a friend. And it is a difficult thing to see through the shell of gold.

It is even more difficult to see through the shell of shyness. The shy man goes through the world with his head up and his lips compressed. He is determined that nobody shall see through his shell. He knows that he is called proud and stand-offish and reserved. He makes few friends, therefore, since the power of penetration is granted to few.

### Dickens and Shakespeare.

I doubt whether any writer has got nearer to the heart of the public than Dickens. Think of the thousands and thousands who have tried! Can any man honestly say that he loves Shakespeare, for example? We all love the works of Shakespeare, but that is quite a different sort of love. That is an intellectual love, and with it is mingled a great deal of pride in the fact that Shakespeare was an Englishman. But do you love the man Shakespeare? Do you think of him as a lovable personality? When all the world is awry, do you take your Shakespeare from your shelves and seek solace in "Hamlet," or "The Tempest," or "King Lear"? I very much doubt it. But millions of people, literally millions, turn to Dickens for comfort and refreshment in the hour of depression.

Why is this? I think it is because Dickens had the gift of self-revelation. Almost every page of his works reveals the human man—human just as we know that we ourselves are human. He never spared himself. He wrote with an open heart. He dipped his pen into his own life's blood, so that the words he wrote can never be erased. The strain of it must have been fearful, because he was always drawing upon his emotions; and the strain killed him at last. He gave his life for the encouragement of humanity. That is a splendid epitaph—an epitaph that is worth all the other rewards lumped together.

### The Greatest Englishmen.

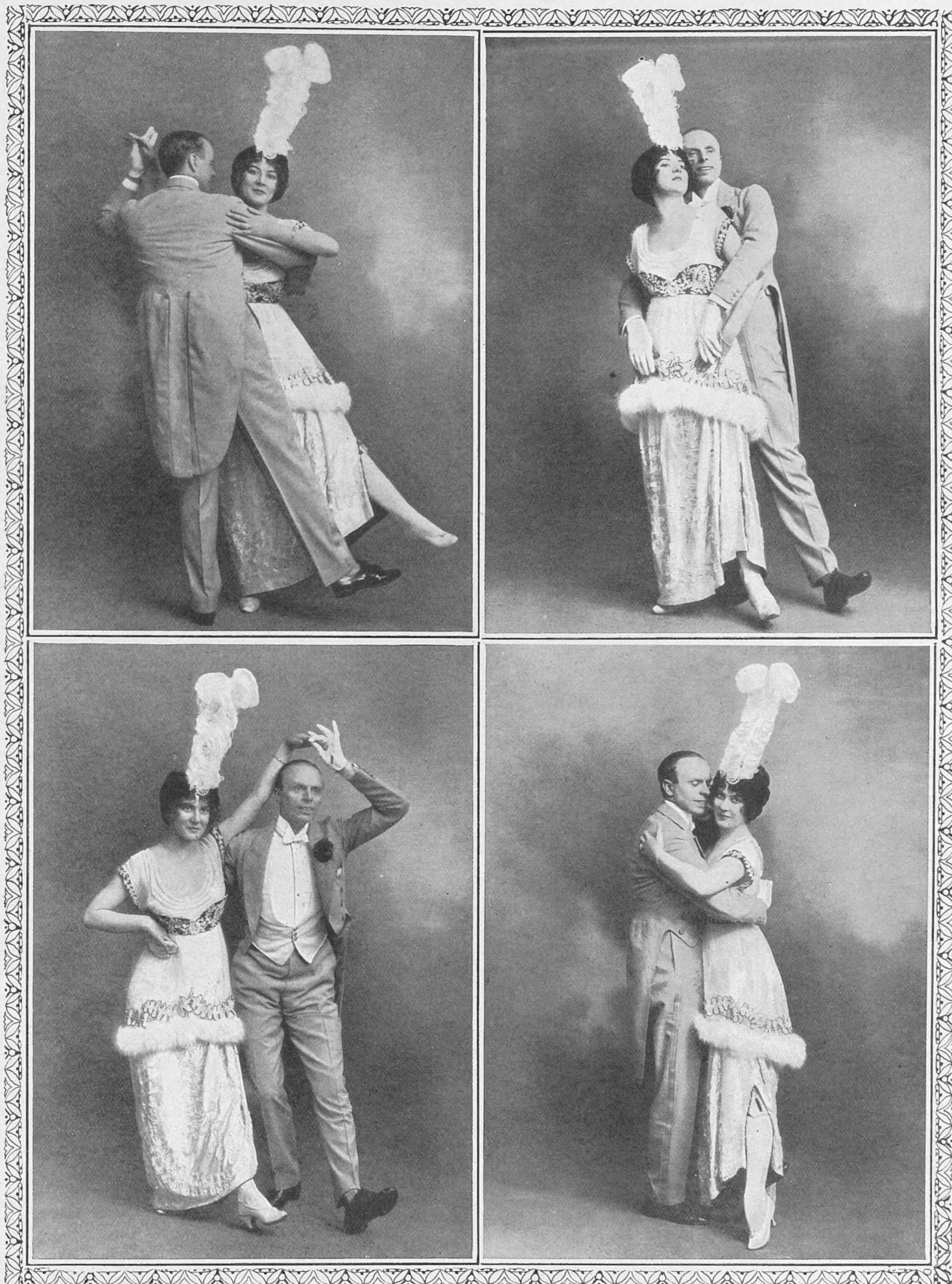
Who are the ten greatest living Englishmen—or, if I must use a harsh-sounding word, Britishers? Do you think you could make a list of them, friend the reader? By the greatest, of course, I do not necessarily mean the most famous, or the richest, or the most powerful, although it is quite possible for a rich or a famous or a powerful man to be a great man. By a great man I mean a man who is living a great life—a life inspired by a great outlook, a great love of humanity, a great desire to avoid all littleness and spite. In making such a list, you must not be guided by what you read or what you have been told, but solely by what you know. The compiling of such a list would be a good occupation for some long evening by the fireside. Opinions would differ so enormously, and the resultant discussion would, I feel sure, prove highly profitable. In the meantime, here is my list—

- |               |               |                  |
|---------------|---------------|------------------|
| 1. MR. SMITH. | 2. MR. JONES. | 3. MR. ROBINSON. |
| 4. MR. BLACK. | 5. MR. WHITE. | 6. MR. GREEN.    |
| 7. MR. GRAY.  | 8. MR. BROWN. | 9. MR. BIRD.     |
|               | 10. MR. FISH. |                  |

Their wives, moreover, are equally great, and in these ten obscure couples lies the whole hope and the whole future of our race. And the best thing about them is that they do not know it, and would not believe it if they were told.



## TANGO, TANGERE, TETIGI, TACTUM: THE REAL THING.



AS THEY APPEAR IN THE REAL TANGO AND THE BRAZILIAN MACHICHE IN "THE GIRL ON THE FILM,"

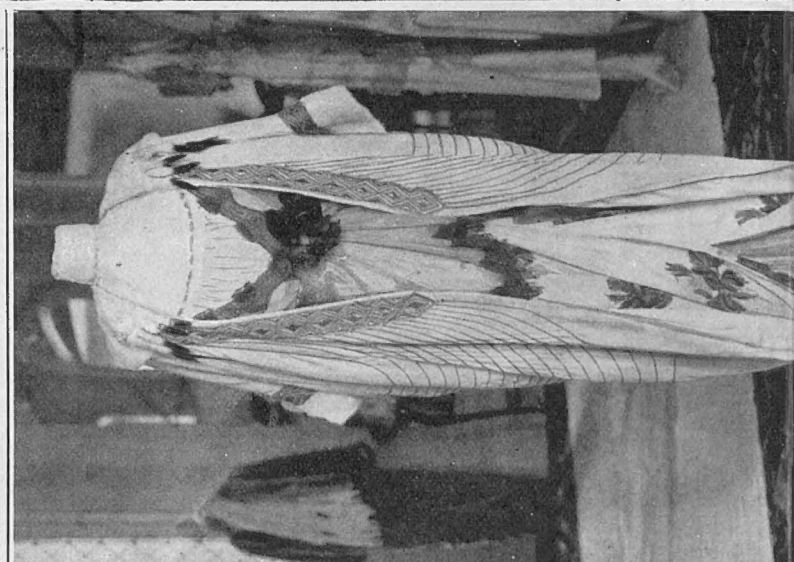
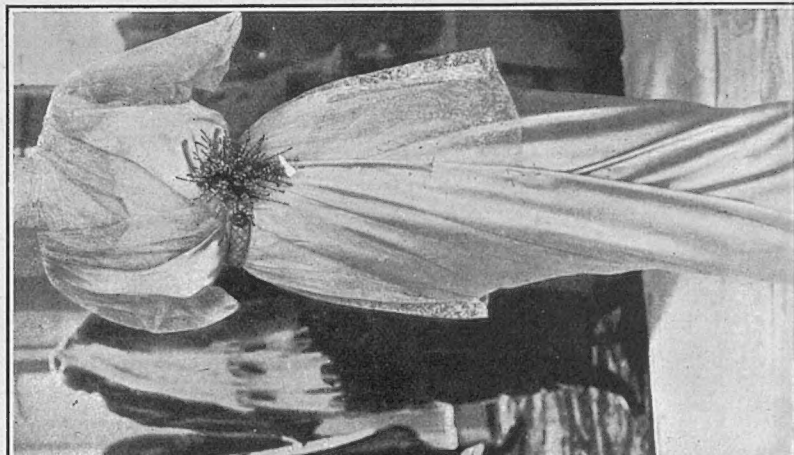
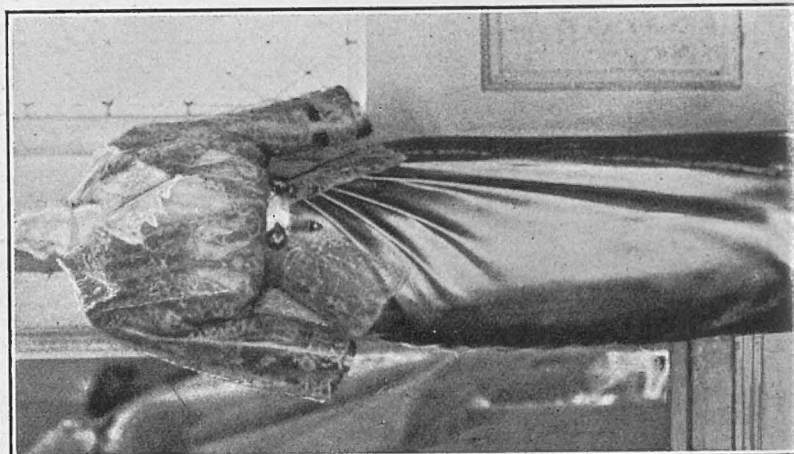
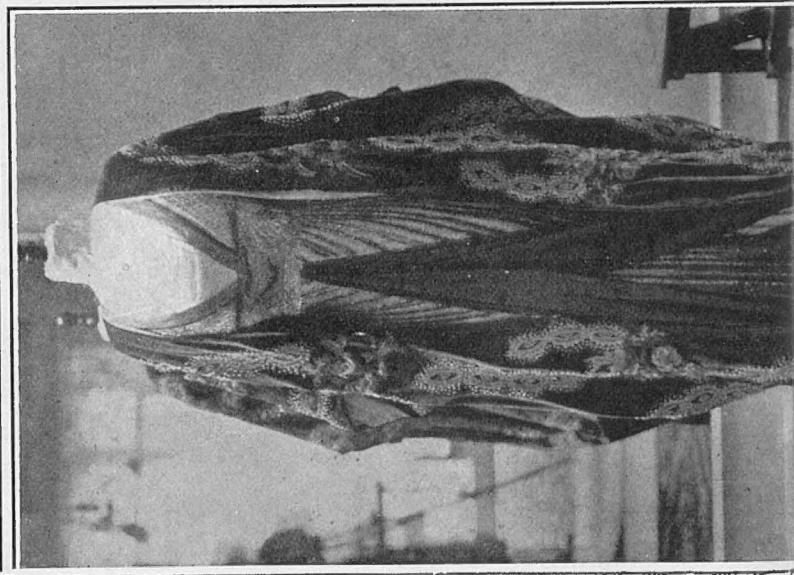
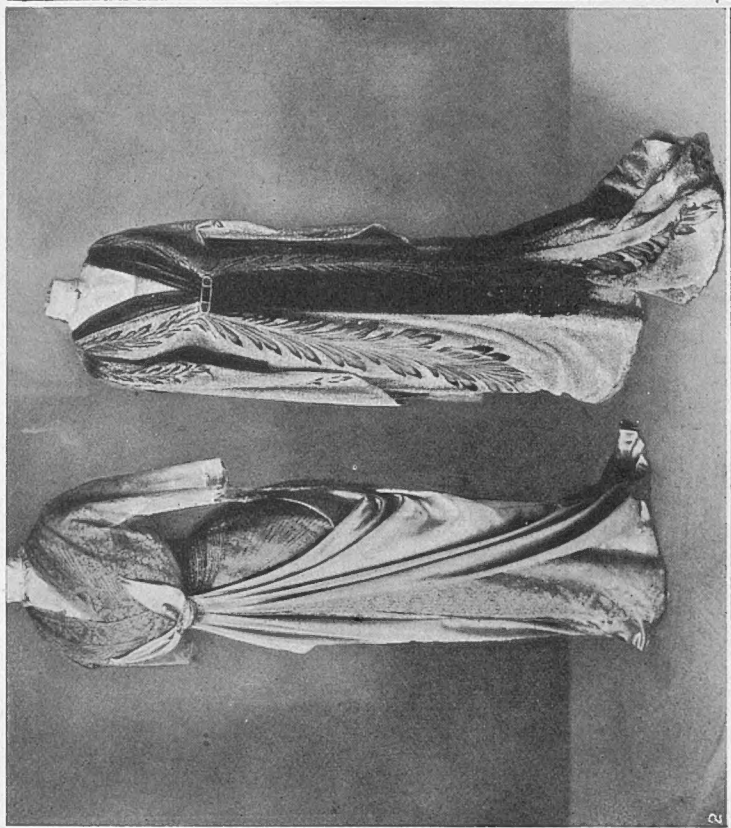
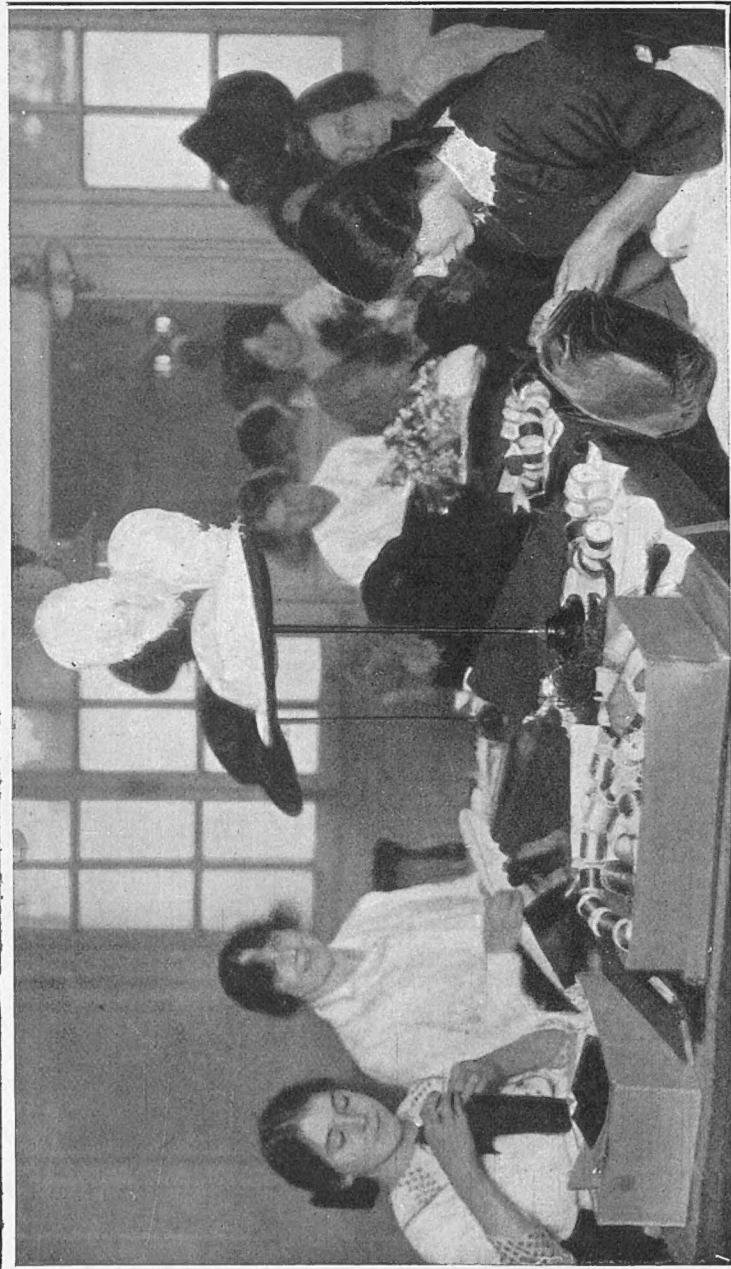
AT THE GAIETY: MISS KITTY MASON AND MR. GEORGE GROSSMITH.

A very popular new item in "The Girl on the Film," at the Gaiety, is that provided by Miss Kitty Mason and Mr. George Grossmith, who dance together the Real Tango and the Brazilian Machiche. The left-hand lower photograph shows them in the latter dance; the other three in the Tango. Miss Mason has only recently returned to the Gaiety, where she is a great favourite.

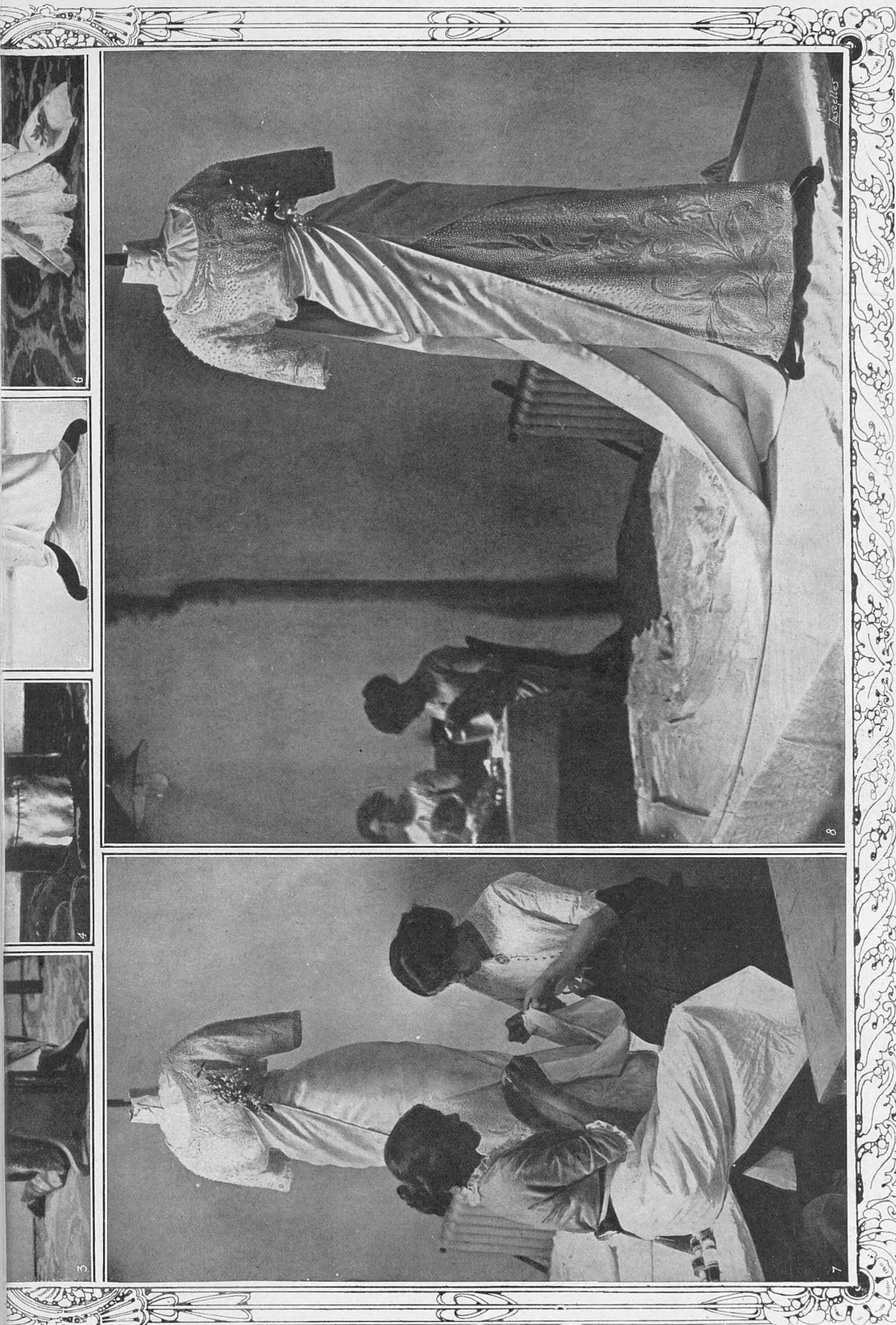
*Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield.*



THE FASHION SIDE OF THE ROYAL MARRIAGE: WEDDING GARMENTS FOR BRIDE AND RELATIVES







1. MILLINERY FOR THE ROYAL BRIDE: MAKING HATS FOR THE DUCHESS OF FIFE.

2. FOR THE BRIDE'S AUNT AND GRANDMOTHER: ON THE LEFT, A DRESS FOR PRINCESS VICTORIA; ON THE RIGHT, QUEEN ALEXANDRA'S DRESS.

3. AN EVENING-GOWN AND CLOAK FOR THE PRINCESS ROYAL. 4. THE BRIDE'S GOING-AWAY GOWN.

Wedding - garments are always intensely fascinating—at any rate, to the feminine section of the community—even at marriages of people in ordinary walks of life. How much more so when the bride is a Princess of the Blood Royal. Naturally, the greatest interest has been taken in the trousseau of this week's royal

5. FOR A ROYAL BRIDESMAID: THE GOWN MADE FOR PRINCESS MAUD OF FIFE.

6. A MANTLE AND GOWN FOR THE DUCHESS OF FIFE.

7. FINISHING TOUCHES: DRESSMAKERS AT WORK ON THE WEDDING-DRESS OF THE DUCHESS OF FIFE.

8. THE CENTRE OF FASHION INTEREST AT THE WEDDING: THE DUCHESS OF FIFE'S BRIDAL DRESS. bride, and the dresses made for other members of the Royal Family also claim their meed of attention. The gowns and millinery illustrated above have been made at the establishment of M. Felix Barolet, the well-known Court dressmaker, of 51, Knightsbridge, by whose courtesy the photographs were taken.

Photographs by Record Press, Newspaper Illustrations, G.P.U., Illustrations Bureau.



**GAIETY THEATRE.**—Manager, Mr. George Edwardes.  
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Jacob ..... HERBERT TREE.  
Zuleika ..... MAXINE ELLIOTT.  
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in carved wood, dinner wagons and tables, bureau bookcases, inlaid mahogany and satinwood  
china cabinets, luxurious Chesterfield settees and divan chairs in morocco, tapestries and  
cretonne, old oak dressers and upright hall clocks, and 18th century oak cabinet, marble and  
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## THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

**THE GRAND SEIGNEUR** has all the features of a French  
Revolution play, and hardly anything in it to explain why  
it was chosen by Mr. H. B. Irving for his first appearance  
on his return to London. True, it has a flamboyant part for a leading  
actor—a part full of haughty pride and hate and masterful contempt,  
winding up with a sudden repentance and a good end at the hands  
of the hungry populace. But it is all obvious melodrama of the  
cheapest kind; and though Mr. Irving, in his dignified way, does his  
best for it, such matter as this is not what we expect from him.  
The rest of the company had little to do. Miss Marie Löhr was  
wasted on the persecuted heroine; and the rest consisted of sudden  
adventures and hurried escapes, surging and shouting mobs, aris-  
tocrats on the way to the guillotine, and all the familiar trappings  
of the Reign of Terror presented in the most familiar way. We  
were all very glad to welcome Mr. Irving home, and we all hoped  
that he had something better in store than "The Grand Seigneur."  
One of these days he will lose his belief in the idea, "Le drame c'est  
moi," and offer to us excellent modern drama, which, combined  
with his acting, will give him his true position on the stage.

## THE BEST BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <b>HEINEMANN.</b><br>The Garden without Walls. Coningsby Dawson. 6s.<br>Mirabeau. Louis Barthou. 10s. net.<br>Set to Partners. Mrs. Henry Dudeney. 6s.<br>The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Hall Caine. 6s.   | <b>THE BODLEY HEAD.</b><br>Joseph and His Brethren. Louis N. Parker. 2s. net.<br>Madeleine at Her Mirror. Marcelle Tinayre. 6s.<br>The Opinions of Jerome Coignard. Anatole France. 6s.<br>Concessions. Sydney Schiff. 6s.<br>Anthony Trollope. T. H. S. Escott. 12s. 6d. net.<br>Green Chalk. Doris Somerville. 6s.<br>Travels Without Baedeker. Ardern Beaman. 7s. 6d. net.   |
| <b>BLACKWOOD.</b><br>The Mill on the Floss. George Eliot. Two vols. 2s. net.<br>Adam Bede. George Eliot. Two vols. 2s. net.<br>Silas Marner. George Eliot. 1s. net.<br>Scenes from a Subaltern's Life. C. L. Gibson. 6s.<br>Happy-Go-Lucky. Ian Hay. 6s.  | <b>HOLDEN AND HARDINGHAM.</b><br>Police Work from Within. Margrave S. Adam. 6s.   |
| <b>MACMILLAN.</b><br>The Passionate Friends. H. G. Wells. 6s.   | <b>NASH.</b><br>The Moxford Book of English Verse. A. Stodart Walker. 3s. 6d. net.<br>Running Sands. Reginald Wright Kauffman. 6s.<br>Ellen Adair. Frederick Niven. 6s.<br>The Year's Mind. Author of "Leaves from a Life." 10s. 6d. net.<br>The Empress of the Balkans. H.M. King Nicholas of Montenegro. 3s. 6d. net.   |
| <b>CONSTABLE.</b><br>The Dream Ship. Cynthia Stockley. 6s.<br>Which Heritage. Lilian Dalton. 6s.  | <b>A. AND C. BLACK.</b><br>Pheasants and Covert Shooting. Aymer Maxwell. 7s. 6d. net.   |
| <b>DUCKWORTH.</b><br>The Sequence. Elinor Glyn. 6s.<br>Five Years and a Month. Mrs. Morris Wood. 6s.  | <b>SEEKER.</b><br>Sinister Street. Compton Mackenzie. 6s.   |
| <b>SMITH, ELDER.</b><br>Watersprings. A. C. Benson. 6s.<br>The Lanchester Tradition. G. F. Bradby. 3s. 6d. net.   | <b>ROUTLEDGE.</b><br>Her Soul and Her Body. Louise Closser Hale. 1s. net.<br>All About the "Boston." Edward Scott. 1s. net.   |
| <b>MORING.</b><br>Burbage and Shakespeare's Stage. Mrs. C. C. Stopes.   | <b>MURRAY.</b><br>Cecil Rhodes. Gordon Le Sueur. 12s. net.<br>Laddie. Gene Stratton Portal. 6s.<br>The Old Time Before Them. Eden Philpotts. 6s.  |
| <b>SEELEY.</b><br>The Romance of Scientific Discovery. Charles. R. Gibson. 5s.<br>Tom Hardy, Naval Cadet, Commander E. Hamilton Currey, R.N. 5s.<br>Submarine Engineering of To-Day. Charles W. Domville-Fife. 5s. net.<br>The Heroes of the Indian Mutiny. Edward Gilliat. 5s.   | <b>LONG.</b><br>Maze of Scilly. E. J. Tiddy. 6s.<br>Light Fingers and Dark Eyes. Vincent Collier. 6s.<br>An Officer and a —. E. D. Henderson. 6s.<br>A Fortune at Stake. Nat Gould. 6s.<br>Links in the Chain. Headon Hill. 7d. net.<br>The Penniless Millionaire. David Christie Murray. 7d. net.<br>A Priestess of Humanity. Mrs. Stanley Wrench. 1s.<br>Engineering as a Profession. A. P. W. Fleming and R. W. Bailey. 2s. 6d. net. |
| <b>CHAPMAN AND HALL.</b><br>Jean and Louise. Antonin Dussier. 6s.<br>The Soul of a Suffragette. W. L. Courtney. 6s.<br>Richard Furlong. E. Temple Thurston. 6s.<br>The Woman Flinches. Mrs. Fred Reynolds. 6s.<br>The Road to Victory. Rose Schuster. 6s.<br>The Chaps of Harton. Desmond Coke. 2s. 6d. net.<br>The Shadow of the Dragon. Caecilia Moore. 6s.<br>The Soul of a Doll, and Prams. H. C. Spiers. 2s. 6d. net.<br>The Vulgar Lover. Vincent Brown. 6s.<br>Tiger Land. C. E. Goulsbury. 7s. 6d. net. |   |

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## TITLE-PAGE AND INDEX.

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THE ROYAL WEDDING : COLONIAL NAVIES : K. OF K. : THE TANGO IN PARIS : RITUAL MURDER TRIALS.

### Good Wishes to Prince Arthur and His Bride.

"The Clubman," on behalf of the men of Clubland and of all old soldiers, offers his congratulations to that good soldier and good Clubman, Prince Arthur of Connaught, on the occasion of his marriage. We Britons are always delighted when a British Prince offers his hand to a British Princess, and nothing could be more suitable than that the son of King Edward's soldier brother should marry his cousin, the daughter of the Princess Royal. Prince Arthur is, like his father, a soldier first and a Prince afterwards. The Duke of Connaught might, had he willed it, have worn a crown as a King; but whenever he has been approached as to whether he was willing to fill one of the uneasy thrones of the Near East, he has always replied that he preferred being a General in the British Army to being King of a Continental State. Prince Arthur's marriage is not in the least likely to interfere with his duties as a soldier, but the Scots Greys will have gained by it a royal addition to the wives of their officers.

### The Australian Fleet.

We English, who are used to the sight of miles and miles of great grey warships lying at Spithead, and who have seen the 'Thames converted into harbourage for warships from London Bridge to Southend, can scarcely comprehend to the full the feeling of gratified pride and the tremendous enthusiasm the Australians are showing at the arrival in home waters of the new Australian Fleet—the great battle-cruiser *Australia* and the smaller craft which form her attendant squadron. From all over the country children are being brought to Sydney at the Commonwealth's expense to see the fleet that Australia owns; and Sir George Patey, who was knighted by the King on the quarter-deck of the battleship, and his officers and crews, are being entertained as lavishly as Australia always entertains her guests. No doubt, the echoes of the cheers that rang out as the ships passed through the Heads will set other British hearts beating, and will remind other great Dominions and Colonies that the defence of the Empire is a duty to be undertaken by Britannia's children as well as by the mother of these great sons. Canada, we know, is anxious to shoulder her share of such responsibilities, but Canadians are not yet at one as to how this can best be done; and there are some of the younger Colonies who will, no doubt, in time copy the splendid example that the Federated Malay States have given.

### Lord Kitchener's Peril.

Once more Lord Kitchener's life has been threatened, and once more a conspiracy against him has failed. He is safer in Cairo than he is in Venice, for in the capital of Egypt the police can feel the pulse of the hot-beds of conspiracy, and know when and where an attack on the man who preserves Egypt from anarchy is likely to be made, whereas in Venice the police are not likely to know all about half-a-dozen strangers who seem to be part of the great flock of visitors who come to Venice in September and October. Lord Kitchener has spent a great portion of his life in

lands where the Mussulman fanatic believes he is carrying out the Divine Will in killing a Christian. He has lived amongst the Arabs, and knows them as few other men do. He has been Commander-in-Chief in India, and Egypt he knows from end to end; and just as there is no man in the East who knows better what dangers threaten him, so there is no man who fears those dangers less than does our great Commander and great Pro-consul in Egypt.

### Tango Mania.

Paris I found quite Tango-mad when I stayed there a fortnight ago. In nearly every restaurant the Tango was danced to amuse the guests while they dined as well as when they supped, and there seemed to be no bar too restricted in space for the Tango to be danced there half the night through. At the Paris Magic City I saw on a Friday night—the fashionable night—thousands of the better-class Parisians, the men in dress-clothes, dancing the Tango, and dancing it very well; and on a Sunday night, when the shop-boys and shop-girls of Paris crowd the great dancing-room on the Quai d'Orsay, I could see that the little shop-keeper of Paris, like his betters, is taking lessons in Tango dancing, and that by Christmas Day all Paris, gentle and simple, will dance the Tango, and the Tango only. I wonder whether a like mania will seize London? Tango teas in the past summer at one of the big restaurants were wonderfully successful, and are sure to be copied this winter far and wide. Particulars of two Supper Clubs—one an established one, the Cave of the Golden Calf, and the other in course of organisation in Garrick Street by Mr. F. H. Payne, the Chairman of Earl's Court—have reached me, and I notice that at both these clubs there are to be Tango teas, and Tango after supper. It looks as though the fascinating dance from the Argentine and the Brazilian Machiche will be prevalent throughout London. One advantage of both of them is that they can be danced in a very confined space. Taking my afternoon tea at the Café Riche in Paris, I was a little surprised to find a good-looking couple near me rise as soon as the orchestra commenced a Tango air and dance in and out amongst the tables which cover the floor of the restaurant.



A STAR TURN AT THE OXFORD: MISS LILY SMITH, THE WELL-KNOWN CHANNEL SWIMMER.

Miss Lily Smith, described in the advertisements as "the world's champion lady swimmer," is giving, at the Oxford, an aquatic act described in the same advertisements as "Grace, Beauty, and Talent personified." With her, as the lawyers say, are her sisters, the Misses Gwendoline and Nellie Smith.—[Photo. by Illus. Bureau.]



TANGO-TEA-ING AT A THEATRE: DURING AN AFTERNOON AT THE QUEEN'S.

Tango teas are the order of the day, or, rather, of the afternoon, at the Queen's Theatre, and during them the latest dresses are paraded. The piece at the theatre is "This Way, Madam," given in the usual way at evening performances and matinées. The "teas" are for the public, who sit at tables in the place usually occupied by the stalls, while the Tango is danced on the stage by M. Clayton, Mlle. Marquis, and others.—[Photo. Record Press]

### An Historical Parallel.

The trial of Mendel Beiliss, the Russian Jew who is to be tried in Russia on the charge of having killed a little boy Christian for the purpose of obtaining his blood, to be used in Jewish sacrificial rites, is about to commence at Kieff. There is a curious parallel in this to the trial in the days of Torquemada of Yucé Franco before the Spanish Inquisition. Yucé Franco was charged, along with seven other men of his religion, with murdering the Holy Child of La Guardia. They were tortured until they confessed to the murder, and on their confession were burnt alive; but when the Pope caused a searching inquiry to be made, as it was suggested that the Holy

Child should be canonised, no proof could be found that such a child had really existed, and it appeared that the supposed murder had been invented to give an excuse for the killing of the Jews.



## WE TAKE OFF OUR HATS TO—



GEORGE DUNCAN—FOR BEATING JAMES BRAID ON HIS OWN COURSE AND WINNING THE £400 GOLF TOURNAMENT.

The £400 Golf Tournament at Walton Heath ended in a victory for George Duncan, who in the final beat James Braid by 3 up and 2 to play. Duncan's success was the more creditable as Braid was playing on his own course.—Mrs. Elizabeth Breuil has the distinction of being the most prolific writer of cinematograph plays in the United States. She is the author of no fewer than 261.—At the Ideal



MRS. ELIZABETH BREUIL — FOR BEING THE AUTHOR OF 261 FILM PLAYS WRITTEN FOR AMERICAN PICTURE THEATRES.



MR. H. K. PROSSOR—FOR EXPRESSING THE "MOONLIGHT SONATA" IN TERMS OF FURNITURE AND ROOM DECORATION.

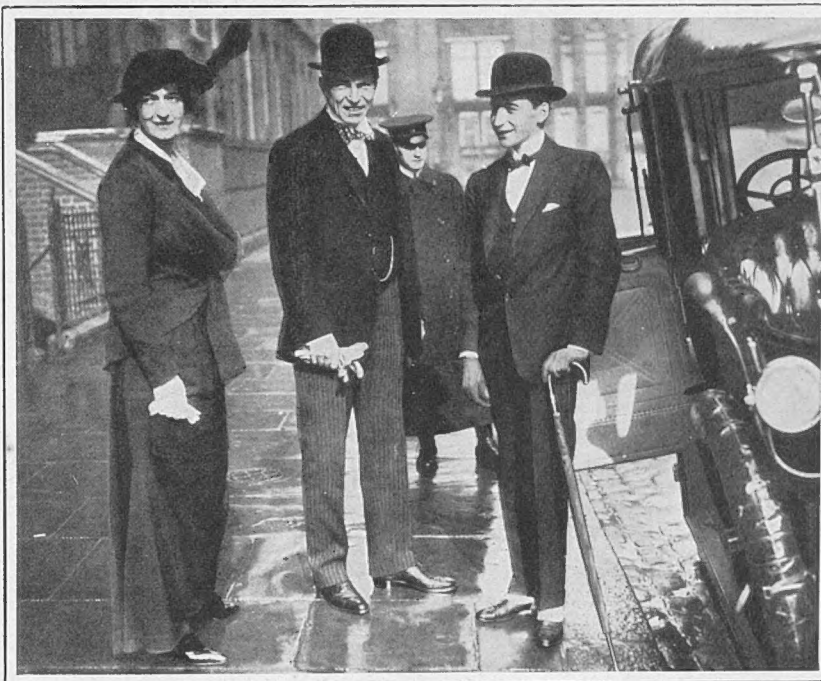
Home Exhibition two remarkable exhibits are the Beethoven Room and the Watteau Room, designed by Mr. H. K. Prossor. The Beethoven Room represents the atmosphere of "The Moonlight Sonata," the piano being of silver hue, the carpet and paper of turquoise, and the windows encrusted with jet. The Watteau Room forms a shrine for a single picture.

Photographs by Vandyk and Sarony.



MR. BIRRELL—FOR SUGGESTING THAT IT WOULD BE BETTER TO VEIL SOME OLD STATUES THAN UNVEIL NEW ONES.

In unveiling the new statue of Lord Kelvin at Glasgow, Mr. Birrell said that "some day orators might be employed to go about the country, not unveiling new, but veiling old statues," but "no such unkind fate would ever befall the statue which it was now his honour to unveil."—The Earl and Countess of



THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF DROGHEDA—FOR TAKING A PERSONAL INTEREST IN THE PRODUCTION OF "PEOPLE LIKE OURSELVES" AND ITS AUTHOR, MR. ROBERT VANSITTART (THE CENTRAL FIGURE).

Drogheda have taken a personal interest in Miss Ethel Warwick's production of "People Like Ourselves," which is due at the Globe Theatre to-morrow (Thursday) night. Our photograph shows Lord and Lady Drogheda with the author of the play, Mr. Robert Vansittart.

Photographs by Illustrations Bureau and Farrington Photo. Co.



MR. FREDERICK RAWLINS—FOR GIVING LONDONERS THE GLAD NEWS THAT SOOT AND FOG ARE GOOD FOR THEIR HEALTH.

Londoners should be grateful to Mr. Frederick Rawlins, of Highbury, and of Messrs. Hurlin and Co., motor-specialists, of Hackney, for his reassuring statement that soot and fog are good for the human machine, and that to them the Cockney owes his good average health.—At a parade of new fashions at the establishment of Mme. Lucile (alias Lady Duff Gordon) in Hanover Square the other day, the mannequins showing some of the evening dresses wore their hair tinted to match the dress. Red, purple, and even green effects were produced



LADY DUFF GORDON—FOR INTRODUCING THE IDEA OF WEARING GREEN OR PURPLE HAIR TO MATCH THE DRESS.

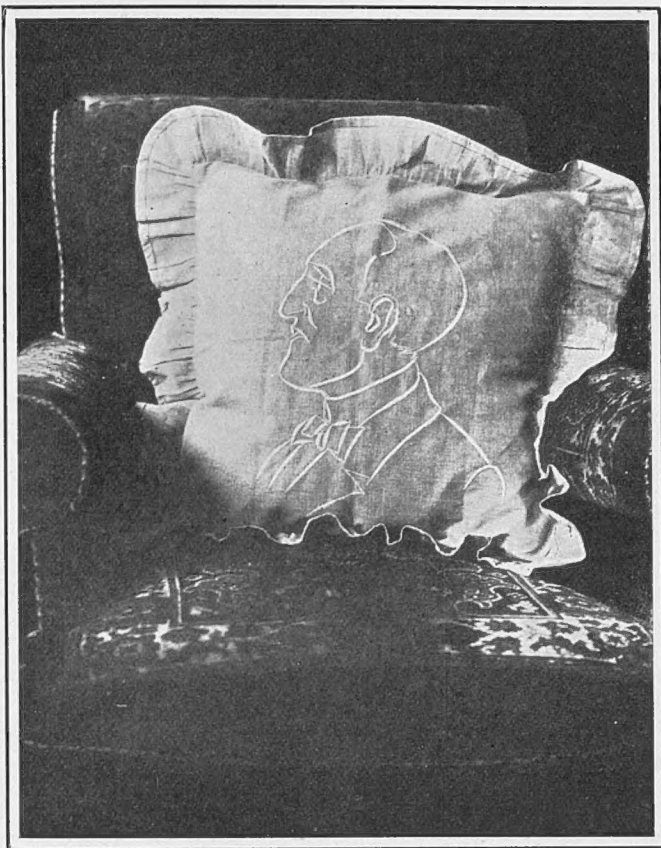


PRESIDENT WILSON—FOR THE HISTORIC REMARK, "GAMBOA IS BUSTED" WHEN HE PRESSED A BUTTON TO COMPLETE THE PANAMA CANAL.

by means of wigs.—It is not often that makers of history give forth at great moments such sublime sayings as that of President Wilson the other day, when he pressed the electric button in the White House at Washington to blow up with dynamite the Gamboa Dyke, 4000 miles away, and caused the waters of the Atlantic and Pacific to join in the Panama Canal. As he pressed the button, the President observed: "That is all there is to it. Gamboa is busted." And so it was.—[Photographs by Pieck, Rita Martin, and Underwood and Underwood.]

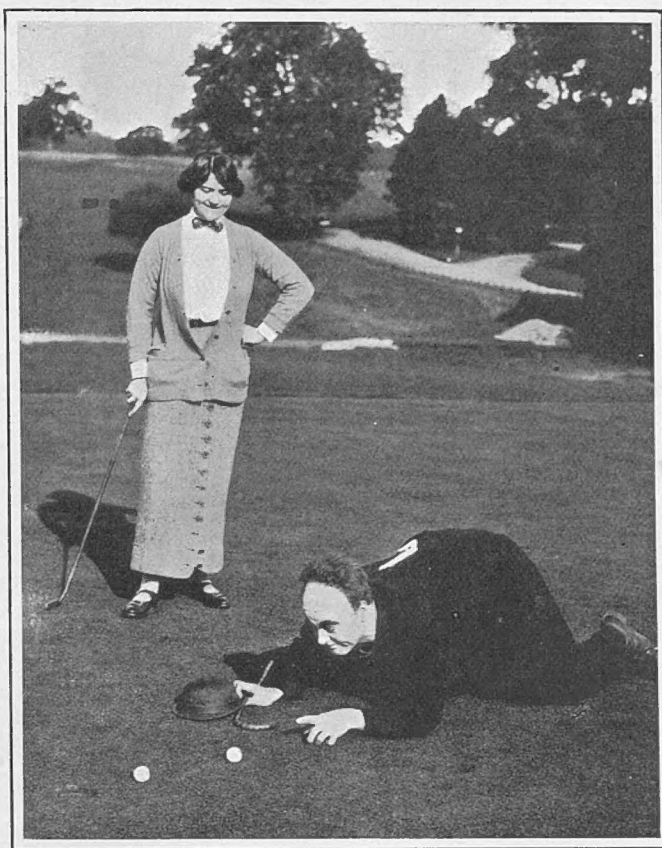


## WE TAKE OFF OUR HATS TO—



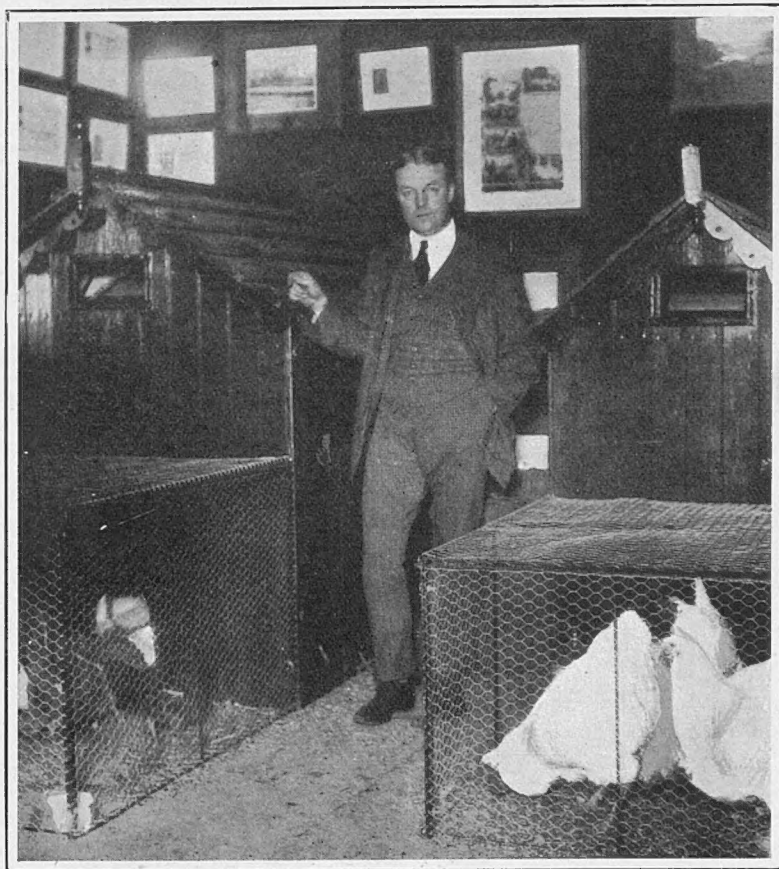
SIR EDWARD CARSON—FOR FINDING HIMSELF FOR THE FIRST TIME IN A POSITION TO BE SAT UPON.

Oblivious of the fact that Sir Edward Carson is one of the last people in the world to be sat upon, Belfast shopkeepers are displaying cushions bearing his portrait in profile. Whatever may be thought of their appropriateness, however, the cushions are having a big sale. Perhaps they will be used for pillow-fights, instead of the usual more peaceful purpose.—To beat Mr. George Robey at



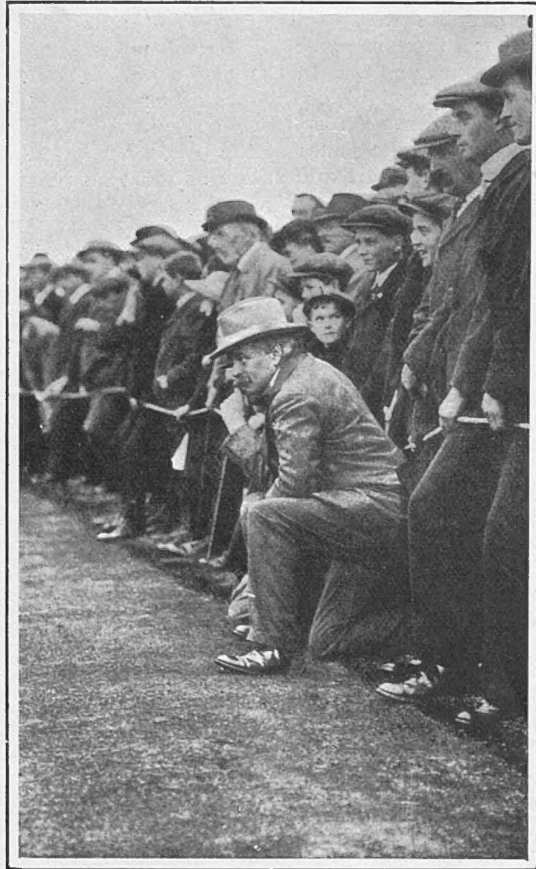
MISS EDITH LEITCH—FOR NOT BEING PUT OFF HER GAME BY THE FUNNIMENTS OF GEORGE ROBEY, AND WINNING THE SARDINES.

golf when he is in humorous mood must require exceptional "temperament" and control over the nerves—at least, the risible nerves. The feat was accomplished at Bushey Hill the other day by Miss Edith Leitch, who thereby won a tin of sardines. Our photograph shows Mr. Robey philosophically speculating on a putt.—[Photograph by Illustrations Bureau and L.N.A.]



MR. W. COOK—FOR HIS DAYLIGHT-SAVING SCHEME FOR HENS TO INCREASE THE BIRTH-RATE OF EGGS.

Mr. W. Cook, a well-known poultry-breeder, of Orpington, has thought of a plan to lengthen the working day of the hen, in order to induce her to increase the population to a greater extent. His method is to illuminate the hen-coops with electric light after dark. The system is on view at the Ideal Home Exhibition at Olympia, where an ordinary coop, in which the inmates go to roost at sundown, and another lit by electric light, are placed side by side. It is claimed that the hens in the latter are more prolific.—In spite of what Mr. Lloyd



MR. LLOYD GEORGE—FOR SHOWING INTEREST IN THE USE OF LAND FOR SPORT AND GETTING WITHIN "THE ROPES."

George said at Bedford, in the opening speech of his Land Reform campaign, about the excessive amount of land devoted entirely to sport, it appears that he himself is not averse from enjoying some of the sporting uses of land—at any rate, in the case of golf links. Our photograph shows him intent on the match between Duncan and Braid at Walton Heath, and it may be observed that the Chancellor, in his keenness, has even trespassed inside the ropes to get a better view of the putting on the last green.

Photographs by Newspaper Illustrations and Illustrations Bureau.





A "ROLLICKING, BUSTLING, GORGEOUSLY MOUNTED MUSICAL COMEDY": "THE PEARL GIRL."

Pearls, Pearls,  
Pearls.

"The Pearl Girl"—quite a ripping title, for lots of people are keen on pearls. By-the-bye, once upon a time there was a clever play by Messrs. Cecil Raleigh and R. C. Carton called "The Great Pink Pearl." I wonder that they don't think of revising it and having another shot. And what an unbeautiful thing a pink pearl is—nobody would think of giving half-a-crown for one as big as a nut if he did not know that it would sell for pots of money. Ordinary pearls too, pearly pearls (of course, I don't mean pearlyies) are not very beautiful. The really jolly ones are the straggly, bad-shaped ones; the most costly, the "perfect,"



UNUSUAL BEHAVIOUR OF THE HEAD ASSISTANT AT THE SHOP! MR. HARRY RAY, AS MR. HOPKINS, DANCES.  
CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.

are uninteresting and easily imitated. You and I do not know the real from the false, or the false from the real; we think we do, but we don't. In the old days you could tell the imitation by their weight, or the lack of it: that was when they were little blown-glass spheres, coated with "essence d'orient" made from the scales of the bleak, and filled with wax. They were very light and rather fragile; somebody I once knew proceeded to try to divorce her husband because she tested some gift pearls from him with her teeth and broke them—the pearls, not the teeth! I do not know whether this has anything to do with looking a gift-horse in the mouth. In our days the bleak—a pretty little fish—has almost a holiday, and is no longer exported from the Thames, or the "Pactolus" at Oxford, by the million; and still we whip for him in the springtime in order to use him to catch that *rara avis*, the Thames trout—rather an Irishism. Oh, the joys and sorrows of fishing for the fascinating Thames trout—the fastest, most wary, the hardest fighting, the most capricious of our *salmonidae*. You spend weeks and cool fivers, and don't get him, though you see him every day feeding punctually. However, I'm not writing about Thames trout, but about "The Pearl Girl," which has a capital scheme for a plot. It is centred on the Palmyra Pearl Company, artificial-pearl-manufacturers who have Mr. Lauri de Frece as their manager. What a manager! Full of energy, enterprise, impudence, and swank, determined to push his pearls till the whole world is wearing them; confident that they are just as beautiful as the natural pearl—no doubt they are. That is the weak spot about pearls, and precious stones too, the cult of which is a survival of pure barbarism. Yet the ladies who wear them laugh at the savage's crude adornments, and often wear shams for safety. There's the humour: the apparent value of the jewellery is no evidence of the wealth of the wearer, for it may be sham; but the known wealth of the wearer is regarded as a guarantee of the value of the jewellery, though it is often false. However, I am not writing about jewellery, but about "The Pearl Girl."

ANOTHER STRANGE DANCE: MR. LAURI DE FRECE AS MR. JECKS.  
CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.

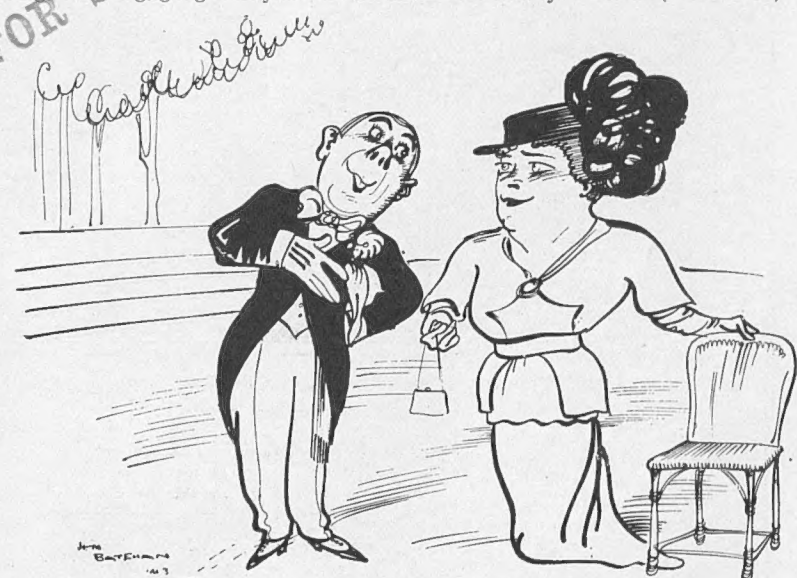


a lot of real thefts of jewellery there have been! If the French are correct in their phrase, *L'occasion fait le larron*, the cult of gewgaws has caused half the crime in the world. As for advertisement of actresses and others by the theft of their jewellery, well, it has been quite over-done, is now utterly *view jew*, to use the pronunciation of the un-tongued—indeed, to such an extent, that if I were to lose my jewellery, which is rare, very rare, I should not venture to send a paragraph to the papers about the loss; even the theft of my rolled-gold—However, I am not writing about my jewellery, but about "The Pearl Girl." Captain Basil Hood's book has an excellent plot, with all sorts of complications, though, like the plot in most works of its kind, it reminds me of the immortal melancholy epitaph: "If so early I was done for, what on earth was I begun for?" Nevertheless, it serves as a peg for charming, sensuous music by Herr Hugo Felix, and bright numbers by Mr. Howard Talbot, and for plenty of jokes—some of them clever—by the author, and scenery as remarkable as that in "The Arcadians" (did I mention that "The Pearl Girl" is to be found at the Shaftesbury Theatre?); also for gloomy, mirth-moving comicalities by Mr. Alfred Lester, a servant in the pearl establishment, who is devoted to the lady typist. Small wonder, for she is Miss Iris Hoey.

Perhaps he was melancholy (in a funny way) because he had forebodings that she was not for him—and, indeed, she became engaged to marry somebody of a higher station: no less than a duke, and much more, for he was Mr. Harry Welchman; there are not many dukes like him. It was a poor duke financially, but think of him physically and vocally, ruined, I understand, by the infernal machinations of Mr. Lxxxx Gxxxxx! Unlike the Censor, my Editor permits no political references; but I gather that everybody is being ruined by the person in question, though when I said something about this to my tailor in answer to gentle pressure for his "little account," he seemed incredulous. However, I am not writing about my tailor, but about "The Pearl Girl."

#### The Show.

"The Pearl Girl" is just about what we expect such things to be—including even its surprises—tunes that we hum afterwards, as well as we can; jokes that we laugh at, as well as we can; genuine comicalities by Mr. de Frece and Mr. Lester; gorgeous gowns that we copy, or our wives do, as well as they can; wonderful scenery, including a picture of Hurlingham—or was it Ranelagh?—at which I play golf, as well as I can. You ask our Artist about my golf—he will say nice things about it, as well as he can; why, last time I was at Ranelagh I scored one flamingo, and a gentleman with a silk hat and frock coat—However, I am not writing about my golf, but about "The Pearl Girl," and I have forgotten to mention the bright singing and lively dancing of Miss Cicely Courtneidge, the broad humours of Miss Ada Blanche, and, perhaps, have failed to give a general idea of this rollicking, bustling, gorgeously mounted musical comedy.—E.F.S. (MONOCLE.)



SIMPLY MADE FOR EACH OTHER: MR. JECKS (MR. LAURI DE FRECE) AND MRS. BAXTER-BROWNE (MISS ADA BLANCHE).  
CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.

#### The Sham Robbery.

The establishment managed by Mr. de Frece decided to get a big advertisement by organising a theft of the famous pearls of Mme. Alvarez, which should prove to be pearls manufactured by it. What



BY OUR UNTAMED ARTIST: "THE PEARL GIRL."



AT THE SHAFTESBURY: CHARACTERS OF THE NEW MUSICAL COMEDY CARICATURED.

"The Pearl Girl" is running successfully at the Shaftesbury Theatre.

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.





## MR. BALFOUR.

"BALFOUR must go," chanted the Party, two years ago. He went smilingly. No other politician would have accepted the rebuff with such bewildering coolness, because no other politician could have felt so happily indifferent to the decisions of his fellows. Most men, so placed, or so displaced, would have hidden their chagrin under a cloud of rhetorical humility. Lord Rosebery, perhaps, would have gloried in the distinction of dismissal, but he would have departed with a Napoleonic gesture of contempt; he would have been grimly happy in the desperate folly of his epoch. Mr. Bonar Law, under similar circumstances, would probably make the speech of his life, and then, obedient to the will of the Tory elders, seek the obscurity indicated by them.

## The Perfect Works.

For Mr. Balfour no terrifying Tory elders exist. He is himself the Elders and the Wise Youth of the Party, all in one. With a head somewhat grey, and growing more dome-like with each sitting, he yet keeps the urbane and indifferent manner of a well-bred but vastly superior boy. The "roughs" of the Party regard him with the same wonder that savages bestow upon a watch of gold. They see its perfection of workmanship, they hear it ticking in their midst, they note the smoothness and regularity of all its parts, and can only marvel at a different order of creation. In the end, probably, they will throw it from them, with loud noises. Thus it happened in the House. Certain Members gave voice to a war-cry: Balfour was deposed. But when afterwards Parliament sought to find out if the marvellous mental mechanism of their real leader had been disturbed in the fall, there was discovered the same quiet voice, the same imperturbable perfection of expression. "Balfour must go" may be chanted by an hundred throats, but all are silent immediately he, in rising, shows his readiness to go—or, to speak!

In a sense "Models of Awkwardness," he is the least effective of speakers. He has no fire, no command of gesture, no range of voice. His best speeches are delivered with the detachment of a man addressing a few convinced friends in a drawing-room, or, rather, of a man addressing a sprinkling of admiring colleagues and collegians in a university lecture-hall, for the detachment of his public manner would appear almost unmannerly in a drawing-room. Excitement does not suit him, and because it does not suit him, he rarely indulges the luxury of letting himself go. On the few occasions when he has done so, his movements are remembered as "models of awkwardness" and his voice as "a thin scream."

The Palmy Days. And Mr. Balfour is nervous; side by side with his intellectual serenity, his indifference to the verdicts of a House on which, to his own unending astonishment,

he has wasted the main years of his life—side by side with all the characteristics of a man superior to the ordinary demands of his environment, nervousness holds its place in him. Nervousness meant that for years his procedure in addressing the Commons was the same; for years he never dared to vary it. How familiar was the ritual—the raising of the pince-nez, the fixing of the eye upon the clock as if the exact time were to make the whole of his argument, the clutching of his coat, the beating of the palm of one hand with the fist of the other at moments when his sentence least demanded emphasis! But Mr. Balfour, unlike his palm, is never beaten. His nervousness is kept well in check.

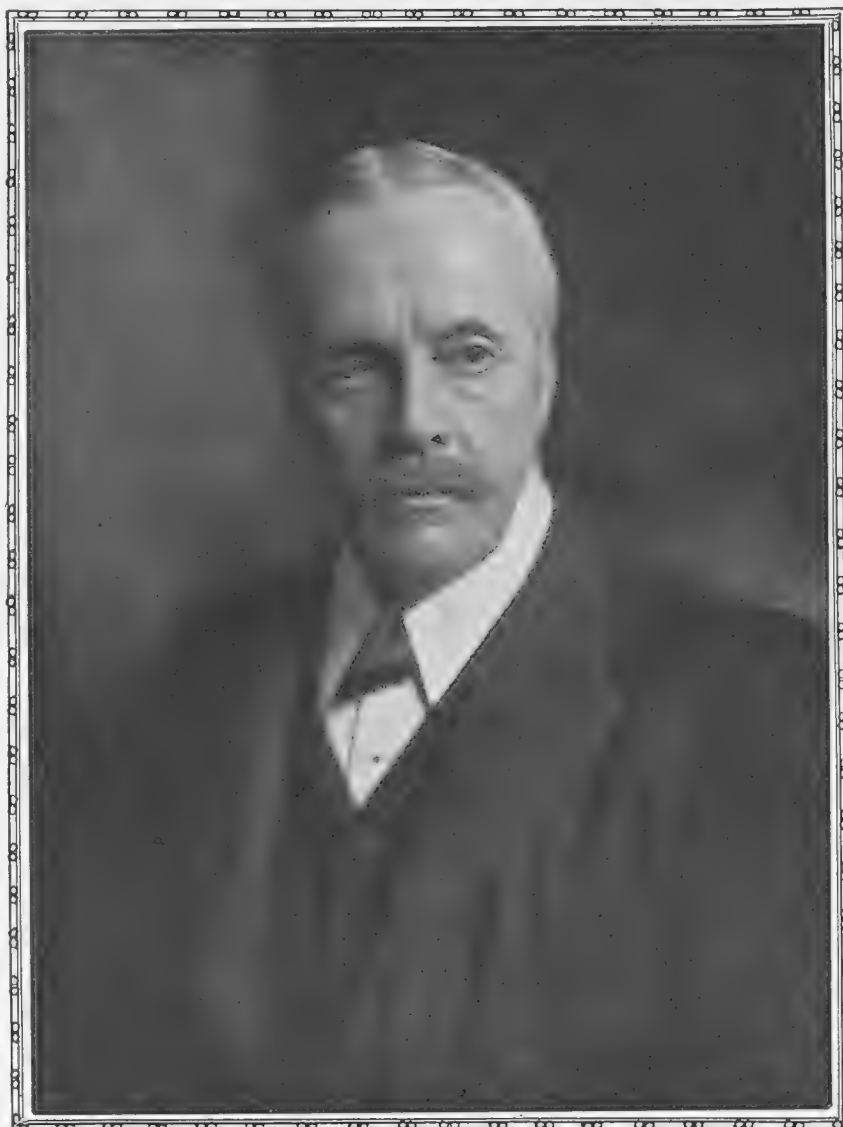
## Moral Victories.

He is never defeated—in spirit. Divisions go against him, and leave him unconquered. Only the other day, Lady Wemyss, having made every concession that one golfer can make another in a handicap, beat him out and out, but left his ardour unabated. Beating or no beating, he keeps his station as the leading golfer of the House of Commons; and, at any rate, he can out-play the Liberal champions.

## The Arthurian Legend.

That was a mere form of speech. He does no more dismounting in their presence than in the company of men; he is not in the habit of climbing down from the heights when he goes into a drawing-room, but finds he can ride his hobbies, expound his philosophy, pooh-pooh politics, and strengthen the foundations of belief as confidently among women as among their husbands or brothers. His sister, for example, is much more attentive to his theory of æsthetics than—let us say—Sir Edward Carson or Mr. Austen Chamberlain. Mr. Balfour has been as fortunate in his friends as he has been in his sister. When the Irish Members began by calling him "Clara" and "Mantalini," and ended at the other extreme with "Bloody Balfour," they were wrong each time. He is neither effeminate nor a butcher; nor does his popularity among women rest on the one supposition or the other. He is popular because

of his exceeding sanity, because he has never lost sight of his ideals—even if he has abandoned the futile daily task of carrying them, like so much superfluous baggage, to Westminster. Westminster usurps only a small portion of his attention. He has not lost his soul either in politics or in the rather chilly and chilling fields of philosophic speculation. He can enjoy Brahms in the company of Winston's mother with utter forgetfulness of her son. So it happened that when he and the Duchess of Rutland and Mrs. Asquith, and other people holding faith in transcendental spheres, used to meet for talk and dinner, they called the little club-like group into which they were formed, not the "Intellectuals," but the "Souls." It would be difficult to point to ten other Members in the entire House with courage enough to use that label.



AS AN EX-CHIEF SECRETARY, MUCH CONCERNED IN THE HOME RULE QUESTION:  
THE RIGHT HON. A. J. BALFOUR, M.P., P.C., ETC.

It is not necessary to "introduce" Mr. Balfour, but it is interesting, at the present crisis, to recall his memorable Chief Secretaryship for Ireland, from 1887 to 1891, when he showed such vigour and firmness in restoring order in the "distressful country." Naturally, then, he is much concerned in the Home Rule question. Mr. Balfour first entered Parliament, as Member for Hertford, in 1874. He was Leader of the House and First Lord of the Treasury in 1891-2, Leader of the Opposition from 1892 to 1895, First Lord of the Treasury and Leader of the House from 1895 to 1902, Prime Minister from 1902 to 1905, and Leader of the Opposition from 1905 to 1911.

Photograph by Barnett.



# MLLE. QUINCAILLERIE: THE EVE OF AN IRONMONGER.



WITH A FLY-SWATTER AS AIGRETTE, A NECKLACE OF PADLOCKS, FUR TRIMMINGS OF FLUE-CLEANERS, AND SO ON: A "LADY OF FASHION" DRESSED ENTIRELY IN ARTICLES FROM AN IRONMONGER'S SHOP.

This amusing model is an exhibit at the San Francisco Fashion Show. It is the result of the ingenuity of a local ironmonger, who, using everyday articles from his shop, made this Eve of to-day. "The aigrette," a correspondent tells us, "is a fly-swatter; the hat is made of fly-screen wire and is trimmed with a leather dog-lead; the earrings are small springs used on bird-cages; while the lady's neck

is adorned with a necklace of padlocks. The fur trimmings are called in the shop, 'flue-cleaners.' The brass hinges give a brocaded effect at the sleeve-ends; while a fine brass wire-screen, with door-springs over the hips, completes the jacket. The skirt is trimmed with many articles . . . such as pot-knobs, iron rings, brass chain; and the chatelaine is comprised of tea-strainers, cream-skimmers, and pepper-boxes."

*Photograph by Topical.*





## CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER

AN enormous array of flowers, countless yards of superfluous crimson carpet, and every conceivable form of decoration, necessary and unnecessary—but all gaily signifying the keenest loyalty—were not enough for the management of the Coliseum. Structural alterations, allowing of a special Royal Box



THE NEW LADY MAYORESS AND HER DAUGHTERS: LADY BOWATER WITH THE MISSES DOLLY (ON THE LEFT) AND QUEENIE BOWATER.

Lady Bowater, the wife of the new Lord Mayor of London, Sir Vansittart Bowater, was formerly known as Miss Emily Margaret Spencer, and is a daughter of Mr. J. Spencer. Her marriage took place in 1887, and she has four sons and two daughters. Sir Vansittart Bowater comes of a fighting family. One ancestor of his, Admiral Edward Bowater, fought at Trafalgar, and another, General Sir Edward Bowater, at Waterloo.

Photograph by Russell.

and lounge, were cleverly carried through, and the whole thing testified to the good judgment of those who were responsible for arrangements which, carried too far, might, by their very excursiveness, have palled upon their Majesties. Such was the error made in one historic instance, when Edward VII. found a *trolley-de-luxe* running from the entrance of a music-hall to his box, so that he could ride between the two. "Take away that perambulator," was all he said. Saturday's royal visit to the Coliseum, of course, was to attend the "Good Samaritan" performance organised by Madame Sarah Bernhardt.



LADY DOROTHY HOWARD, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO THE HON. FRANCIS R. HENLEY WAS FIXED FOR OCT. 14.

Lady Dorothy Georgiana Howard is the third of the four daughters of the ninth Earl of Carlisle, and an aunt of the present Peer. She was born in 1881.

Photograph by Barnett.

secretly swallow pills the while for an antidote. It was not the Turkish Ambassador who told that story the other night; only an Englishman, at a diplomatic table, could recount an Englishman's outrageous treatment of his guests.

*The Bute Year.* Speaking of wines, and the alleged horrors of a local vintage, news comes of a great year in the Bute vineyards. The Marquess of Bute does not bow to the bigots who can sip nothing but *Château* vintages of rare years; he maintains that his own Swanbridge and Cardiff

wines have their good points. But the illiberal prejudice is hard to shake: to persuade his friends that he does not dislike his own vintages and has really, on occasion, swallowed them is as difficult as persuading the clubman that he should again wear the real beaver hat. But Bute grapes and Bute beavers may both still come into their own. At any rate, the Dowager Marchioness of Bute has just arrived at St. John's Lodge for the autumn and winter, and her table, and cellars, doubtless, will contribute to the pleasures of the coming season.

"*The Disapeer.*" A Peer who loses himself and a Peeress who disappears—these, by all the laws of big-game hunting, are fair sport for journalist and public. Also, in accordance with the principle of open Courts, the men and women who have to go through with divorce cases cannot hope for privacy. Does the same rule apply to people who, having had their engagements announced, seek to end the business once for all with a formal statement that "the marriage arranged will not take place"? A list in a contemporary of all such announcements (of sufficient interest) issued in recent years makes the question a pertinent one. "It would be just as reasonable, and unkind, to remind people of any of their other disappointments: you might just as well publish a retrospective list of still-births," was the opinion of one sufferer.

*The Specialist.* Despite Sir Almroth Wright, whose strictures on the modern woman are calculated (or, rather, miscalculated) to drag her down from every eminence, Viscountess Templetown is mounting the political platform. She is giving a series of addresses on Home Rule—a theme which should, after all, come easily to the housewife. Sir Almroth's outburst, by the way, affords a striking illustration of the limited influence of the specialist. On some subjects his word is law, and no sensible woman disobeys him. In others, outside the consulting-room, she hastens to do so with a blithe heart, and is secure.



THE HON. FRANCIS ROBERT HENLEY, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO LADY DOROTHY HOWARD WAS FIXED FOR OCTOBER 14.

Mr. Francis Henley is the younger of the two half-brothers of Lord Henley, and was born in 1877. He was educated at Harrow and Balliol, and is a Fellow of the Institute of Chemistry.

Photograph by Barnett.



A COUSIN OF MRS. ASQUITH MARRIED: THE WEDDING OF MISS LILIAN TENNANT AND MR. FELIX WATSON TAYLOR—THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM LEAVING AFTER THE CEREMONY.

Mrs. Felix Watson Taylor (formerly Miss Lilian Tennant) is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Tennant, and a cousin of Mrs. Asquith and Lord Glenconner. Mr. F. W. Taylor is the son of Mr. A. W. Watson Taylor, of Jamaica. The wedding took place at St. Mary's, South Kensington. The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Margaret Tennant, as *demoiselle d'honneur*, and by children in buff-and-white Kate Greenaway costumes.—[Photograph by L.N.A.]



## INDIAN PROBLEMS ON THE STAGE: "COLLISION."



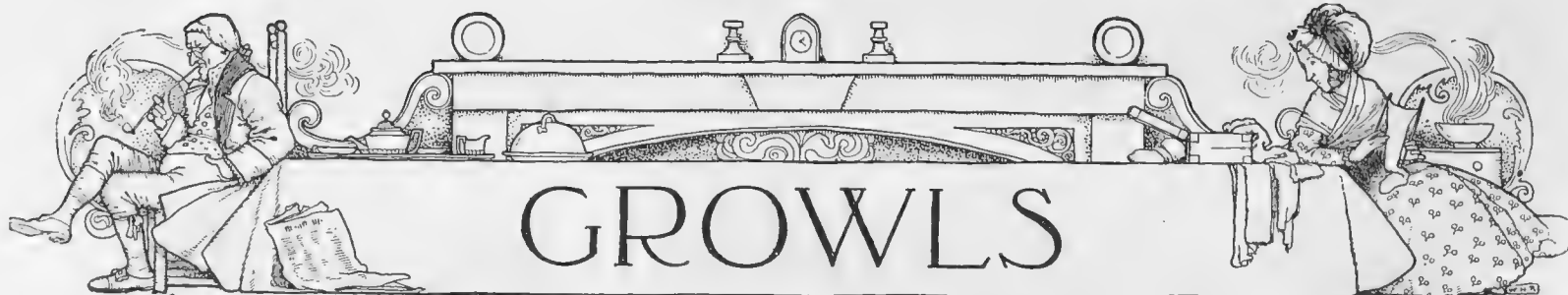
1. THE EDITOR OF THE SEDITIOUS "HINDUSTAN" SHOWS PROOFS TO MRS. BADRI NATH: MR. FRANK MAYEUR AS RAI SAHIB BADRI NATH, AND MISS SUZANNE SHELDON AS MRS. BADRI NATH.

2. DR. CHOULA, THE INDIAN, TELLS IMOGEN THAT MARRIAGE BETWEEN WHITE AND "BLACK," BETWEEN HER AND HIM, IS REVOLTING TO HIS TASTE: MISS ALICE CRAWFORD AS IMOGEN AND MR. MALCOLM CHERRY AS DOCTOR CHOULA.

3. AN OUTRAGE UPON CASTE: A NAUTCH-DANCE, GIVEN AT IMOGEN'S WISH, IN THE BADRI NATH'S HOUSE. IN THE CENTRE, MISS GRACE LANE AS SUSAN DIGBY; ON THE RIGHT, MISS ALICE CRAWFORD AS IMOGEN.

"Collision" is adapted by Miss Bridget MacLagan from her successful novel of Indian life of the same name, and the greatest care has been taken to give realistic pictures. As one example, it may be mentioned that the nautch-dance given in the second act, and the Indian music, were rehearsed under the direction of Professor Inayat Khan.





## THE BELITTling OF BRITONS : OPERATICS' OPERATIONS.

WE are going to have it all over again.

I can scent it in the autumn breeze, and am painfully conscious that it is coming to us with vigour renewed. It is the one topic which never grows stale or loses its pristine freshness, and the young bloods of the Press are filling their fountain-pens as hard as they can go, and studying Roget's Thesaurus for opprobrious synonyms. We hardly possess a journal which does not make it its mission in life to run down and belittle our country and its inhabitants in the eyes of the world. In the matter of Politics they may be as far apart as the Poles, but on this one subject they are frenziedly agreed. They seize with ghoulish avidity on the slightest pretext for informing us that as a nation we have no artistic sense, that we do not know a good thing when we see it, and that as patrons of the arts we are beneath contempt. They discover, of course, other flaws in our character at intervals, but these are only chastised with whips; but when our artistic shortcomings are being dealt with, nothing short of scorpions will serve for our chastisement. They grab at every chance of administering censure and pour out scorn with a relish that is almost diabolical in its intensity, taking an acrid joy in voicing the contempt inspired by imaginary superiority. So now it is upon us once more. Providence has placed within their reach just the material they revel in working upon. News is to hand that an operatic company, excellently wardrobe, dexterously scene-painted, with vocalists and instrumentalists all perfectly in tune, and equipped with the highest-class repertoire, has met with such an unremunerative reception from the denizens of the provinces that it has been forced to drop its performances and return ruefully to Town. Thus is Britain again disgraced in the face of civilisation!

## The Injustice of It.

It seems to be tacitly taken for granted by these self-constituted censors that in dealing with this lugubrious happening, they are encountered not only by a grievous exhibition of national bad taste, but also by an unpardonable dereliction of public duty. Of course, they do not omit to treat the former aspect of the situation with caustic severity, but the latter appears to be the side which prompts them to the highest nights of reprobation. Is it not a blot upon the fair fame of a great country, they ask, that cities like Manchester and Birmingham, possessors of Mayors and Corporations in costly chains of office, possessors of bishops and town-clerks and other imposing appurtenances, should turn a deaf ear to an impresario who takes the trouble to set before them in ample form the deathless works of Wagner and of Strauss? Is it



CHALLENGED TO WALK ON HER TOES FROM LUDGATE CIRCUS TO THE MONUMENT, AND TO ASCEND THE MONUMENT AND DESCEND FROM IT WITHOUT PUTTING HEEL TO GROUND: MISS MAGGIE KING.

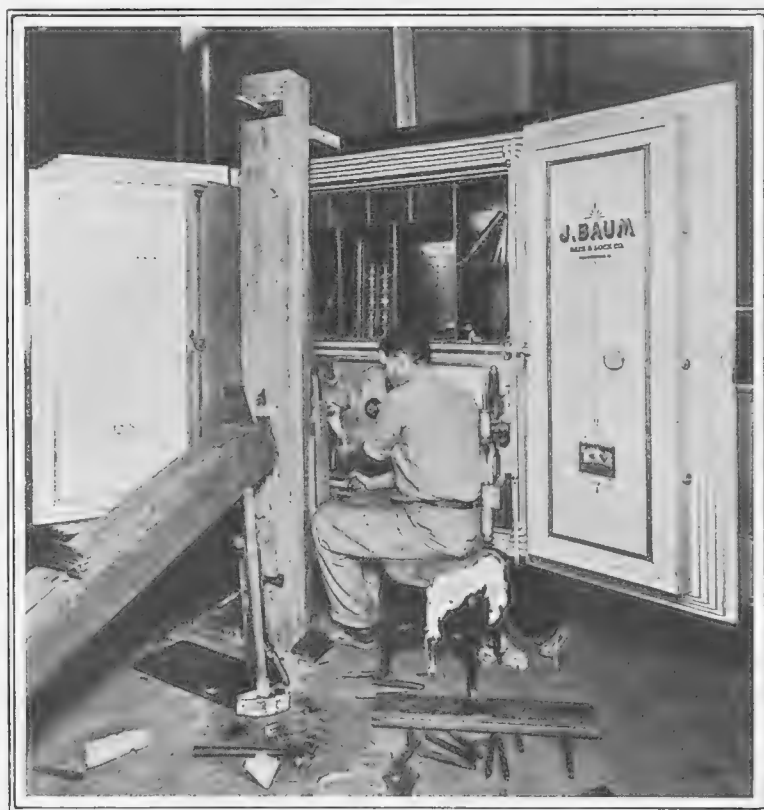
Miss Maggie King, the dancer who accepted the other day the challenge noted above, appears at the Hippodrome on the "Magic Staircase." She says she can take 4000 steps on her toes in succession.

Photograph by Sport and General.

conceivable that Coventry should be so destitute of culture and coppers, and that Ashton-under-Lyne should show itself so void of understanding? How can we look the world in the eye after compassing the discomfiture of those whose lofty ideals have caused them to cater for us with lavishness and discrimination, and yet have been made to taste the bitter fruit of complete indifference? It seems to occur to these fountain-penned castigators that even people in the provinces may legitimately claim to be entitled to a modicum of that liberty which has for centuries been our boast. It never enters into their minds that even Midlanders may hold decided views concerning the beauties of Strauss, and may have formed an opinion that an evening passed with "Elektra" is an evening none too profitably spent. They don't even attempt to realise that dwellers in distant centres may be debarred from attending precious performances by previous engagements. Not one of these considerations appeals to them. They see a chance of pointing to the brutal unappreciativeness of the race, and such a chance is not to be missed.

## Punishment Fitting the Crime.

After years and years of it one becomes more than a little tired of this recurrent depreciation. These very writers, who tell us that we are as a country unworthy of respect because we fail to support a troupe of peripatetic performers, will to-morrow be inveighing against us for failing to take up with enthusiasm a scheme for legalising compulsory service, blind to the fact that we can hardly be expected to exhibit a burning desire to shed our blood and lay down our lives for a land which, according to them, has forfeited all claim to respect or consideration. No one regrets more than I do that the well-intentioned efforts of a touring company should have resulted in the temporary unemployment of a collection of capable artists, but I wholly fail to discern in the catastrophe any good reason for deciding that the Empire as a factor of importance in the world's future is doomed, and I am inclined to think that severe punishment should be meted out to those who make it their business to decry on such a trivial basis the country which committed the indiscretion of giving them birth. The exact form that punishment should fitly take is not yet altogether clear to me, but it would, perhaps, be well if it could at the same time conduce to the financial well-being of wandering operatics. That being so, the sentence I would pass upon these slanderers of their country would be that they should sit in serried rows through seven, fourteen, or twenty-one consecutive performances of Strauss's "Elektra." MOSTYN T. PIGOTT.



TWENTY-NINE HOURS' WORK FOR FOUR MEN BECAUSE SOMETHING HAD DROPPED INTO THE COMBINATION! LABOURING TO OPEN A GREAT STEEL SAFE

The correspondent who supplied this photograph writes: "Just because something worked loose in one of the big steel safes in the City Hall, Cincinnati, and tied up more than £5000 in salaries, the big safe had to be drilled open, and 500 employees waited nearly five days over time for their money. This all happened on a Thursday evening, when something worked loose and dropped into the mechanism that works the combination of the safe. Friday morning it was discovered that something was wrong when the paymaster tried to get at the big bunch of pay-envelopes. Friday afternoon, when all other methods of opening the safe had failed, the safe was ordered to be drilled open. A crew of four men from a safe company worked at it Friday afternoon, all of Friday night, sixteen hours on Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, and for four hours on Tuesday. . . It cost the city about £15."

Photograph by Fleet Agency.



*The Perfectly Popular Pianist: Studies of Types.*



II.—THE WARLIKE : TSCHAIKOWSKY'S "1812 : OUVERTURE SOLENNELLE "

DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.



## TO SOPHISTICATED SIMON: AN OPEN ANSWER TO A BILLET-DOUX.

BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married."

DEAR MR. SIMON, — Thank you for your letter. I believe you are a girl—a nice gushing girl of fifteen who collects actors' photographs and scribblers' autographs. I am sure I have to be jealous of Mr. Lewis Waller, and feel certain you "adore" him too—tell me, now? If you are not a girl, how old are you? In any sex, you must be the last of the romantics. There are two good ideas in your letter. That of coming under a certain (and to you) interesting window disguised in a barrel-organ and a cap! (But do you know which is which? Window, I mean. It is much newer than in the cloak and the slouch hat of the classical furtive Third One.) Also I agree with you that husbands (you see I put an "s") are both to be envied and pitied. Especially the latter. I have for husbands the same sort of anxious interest I feel for lion-tamers and aviators.

They all belong to a dangerous calling. One envies them their brief glories, but one sighs with that self-satisfied sort of pity for others' folly. . . . "Of course, it's bound to come sooner or later, poor fellow!" I would not be the husband of the most charming, amusing, appetising, always changing, fascinating woman that ever had one. But then, if ever there was a man worthy of such a pearl—nothing could induce me to become his wife!

The fact is, amiable Mr. Simon, that on principle I do not approve of marriage. I do not think it is quite a nice habit; when we shall have become civilised, the word "marriage" will sound very crude, and men will wait until the ladies have left the table to tell droll, dull, dismal, or dramatic stories of married life.

There is a short play by Sir James Barrie being acted now at the Hippodrome which typifies one of the dramatic tales. I am very curious to know whether the dramatist merely meant to thrill us with pity, horror, and fear during "Half-an-Hour," or whether there was a lesson in the play, and, if so, what that lesson was? That a *parvenu*, both common and cowardly, should not buy for a wife such an *objet de luxe* as the aristocratic parasite Lady Lilian?—or that a useless woman of ultra-refined tastes, having once sold herself in marriage for a great deal of money, should keep to her share of the bargain, and be satisfied with the joys, leisure, and luxuries that money can give? Or does the play mean to teach us that a married woman does an inconvenient thing in going away to Egypt (still more so to America!) with a man who is not her legal husband? We knew that—or else why should so many of us change our mind at the booking-office? Or again, does Sir James Barrie want us to realise how "unladylike" it is for a wife (beaten by



WIFE OF THE HEIR OF THE EMPEROR FRANCIS JOSEPH, BUT NEVER TO SHARE THE AUSTRIAN THRONE: THE DUCHESS OF HOHENBERG, CONSORT OF THE ARCHDUKE FRANCIS FERDINAND OF AUSTRIA, WHO IS TO VISIT THIS COUNTRY.

It was stated the other day that it was understood that the Archduke Francis Ferdinand (heir to his uncle, the Emperor Francis Joseph) and his wife, the Duchess of Hohenberg, would visit the King and Queen about the middle of next month. The Archduke's wife was formerly Countess Sophie Chotek, a lady-in-waiting in the Household of the Archduchess Isabella. Her morganatic marriage to the Archduke took place in 1900, with the Emperor's consent, although State protests were made against it. Later, the Emperor conferred on the Countess the title of Duchess of Hohenberg. On his wedding, her husband had to renounce all claims of his wife or children on the House of Habsburg.

Photograph by Newspaper Illustrations.



IN AN UN-GREEK MOMENT: MME. ISADORA DUNCAN, THE FAMOUS EXPONENT OF CLASSICAL DANCES, BATHING AT VIAREGGIO.

Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.

life) to re-enter her husband's house under false pretences for the final, unexpected, and secret reason that the man she was eloping with has been run over by a car and killed? And so it is—almost as unladylike as to enter that house at first as the wife of a man she despises.

Dr. Brodie, who in the play embodies the masculine conception of morals, suggests two ways more "ladylike" out of the dilemma: work or suicide. Methinks the two alternatives come to one and the same thing! To be a worker, one must have work, be able to do that work, and earn enough from that work to feed, clothe, and shelter oneself. Could a woman brought up as Lady Lilian had been even hope to achieve this? To many women—and women better equipped than the heroine of "Half-an-Hour"—earning a living is slow suicide. Shall I tell you, dear Mr. Simon, what I believe the real lesson of Sir James Barrie's play is? A lesson to fathers and mothers of girls. A lesson either to sell their daughters, if sell they must, to a connoisseur of *objets d'art*, and not to a man who will think a woman "useless" because she is not useful, while no decorative thing is useless if only it is beautiful. There must be Lady Lilians and racehorses and lap-dogs and Japanese trees and hot-house fruits, but these should not be possessed by Mr. Garsons, but enjoyed by buyers taught and trained to appreciate them and their abnormal exquisiteness. Parents then, as I said, should learn either to choose an appreciative owner for their rare and refined daughters, or else to enable those daughters to choose their mate freely and fearlessly by being monetarily independent. Money—ah, the sordid sound of it! But corn grows out of manure: pride cannot exist without money. And both corn and pride are necessary to a whole human being. Do you think Lady Lilian would have gone back to the hated husband had she had in her purse merely the equivalent in gold of her chinchilla wrap? Never! if I know my

sex at all—my sex, and its unforgivable memory of a humiliation. Do you think Lady Lilian, in the first instance, would have sworn to love, respect, and obey a man who had neither fame nor finesse, manners nor magnetism, looks nor love, if it had not been for his money? Understand, parents, that it is your duty to give money to your daughters if you give them life. It is difficult to keep the latter scrupulously clean without the former. And if you cannot give them an insurance policy for self-respect in the shape of a banking-account, teach them to earn their bread, so that they may have at least one chance of refusing someone else's tempting *brioche*!



## ON THE SIDE OF THE—ANGLERS.



TOMMY (*explaining his late arrival at Sunday School*): I wanted to go fishin', but father wouldn't let me.

THE MINISTER: I'm delighted to hear you have a parent with such excellent principles regarding the Sabbath.  
Did your father explain his reasons?

TOMMY: Yessir. 'E said there wasn't enough bait for two.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.



"GOOD FRIEND AND FEARFUL ENEMY": THE PRESS.\*

On the Difficulty of Being Accurate.

When Cowper wrote, of the Press, "Like Eden's dread probationary tree, Knowledge of good and evil is from thee," he but told the truth. When he called it "ever-bubbling spring of endless lies," he was thinking, let us hope, not of books and papers in the mass, but of some in particular. That is by the way. For all that, let us pursue it. Although the truths the journals disseminate may—do—occasionally have amongst them, as uninvited intruders, members of that prolific family the Terminological Inexactitudes (of Fleet Street), the truths are the dominating features of the gathering, the outstanding personalities. This thanks to the fact that conscience is still a word in the lexicon of journalist and publicist, whatever may be argued by the detractors of those descendants of the story-tellers, letter-writers, wandering news-mongers—aye, and minstrels—of other days. Thanks, too, to the fact that, the astonishing speed of production notwithstanding, system and skill in combination with the willing expert are making inaccuracies in print rarer and rarer, though none knowing the labour of the work and its innumerable difficulties can anticipate freedom from those slips which are the terror and the professional shame of those responsible for their presentation in type, and seemingly the delight of learned Professors—learned in but one subject, and that not of the vital world—who dub them and their progenitors "foolish," "grossly in error," and "absurd." It is a truism that the sub-editor is known not by what he "saves," but by the mistakes he passes. The marvel to those practised in the craft is not that errors creep into publicity, but that so few see the fierce daylight that beats about the Press. Was it not of this very subject that a distinguished lady had something most pertinent to say the other day? She told a thing easily believable by the "sub": how a famous man, writing of his own specialty for an equally famous set of tomes of knowledge, found it in him to speak of the jewel in the serpent's head, and to add to this "quotation" a dissertation on serpent-worship. Later, he read his proofs, and made no correction in this matter. Then came an hour when someone in the office said: "Serpent? Serpent? Why, it's toad." But for that, the printed authority in question would have been guilty of the glaring mistake the learned expert not only made, but "let go."

The Story of the "God of Our Idolatry."

That is digression; let us to the book under notice, and premise that it is well worth the study of the layman and of those much more intimately concerned with the Press. It tells the story of the "God of Our Idolatry" from its beginnings to its present; from the points of view of the gossip, the journalist, and the man of technicalities—and it is never dull or too obviously produced with one eye on the cognoscenti. Need it be pointed out that the narrative has fascination? Mr. Symon, feeling the Press

a "great and terrible monster, omniscient, large-hearted, unsparing, benevolent, critical, hard to please, good friend and fearful enemy, instrument at once of the highest wisdom and of the deepest folly,

strange hybrid of sage and harlequin," realises to the full that it holds all men in its grasp. That is a good foundation. On it he builds a multi-coloured structure of singular attraction. We have no space here to chronicle the setting of brick upon brick, the cunning of the artificers; that pleasure must be left to accompany the reading of the volume. Let us, however, take notice of some little of the material, the basic material.

The Circulation of News.

"The most savage tribes have their methods of circulating news in some manner which we cannot grasp. Aborigines of New Guinea and of the Dark Continent can send messages for miles at an incredible speed.

Rumours of the disasters in South Africa were whispered in the bazaars of Cairo before the telegraph had flashed the news to London. In the days of Queen Esther, Persia had her system of posts—'Angaroi,' relays of runners for the circulation of news throughout the Empire, and this system is referred to by Aeschylus in his famous passage describing how the news of the fall of Troy was sent by hill-top beacons to Argos. The Athenians of a later time lived only to hear or to tell some new thing, but the Genius of Attica evolved no actual parallel to our modern newspaper. The nearest approach is found in the political comment of the Comedies of Aristophanes, and the published speeches of such orators as Isocrates. . . . It is to the genius of Julius Caesar that we owe the first actual foreshadowing of anything like the modern news-sheet. He instituted the *Acta Diurna*, short accounts of daily happenings in the city. These records, posted in public places, recorded decrees, the results of criminal trials, weather phenomena, tavern affrays, fires, and all the other events of the day that differ little in ancient and modern times." These condensations, nevertheless, cannot be accepted as the equivalent of the newspaper proper. That began, more or less, with unofficial, small news-sheets of the fifteenth century; and, actually, with the dawn of the modern era.

The First "Government Organ."

Here is another note of a point generally unrecognised. "The first foreshadowing of a Government organ arose in Venice, in 1556, when the *Notizie Scritte* were issued by the order of the Senate. They were in manuscript, and, like the Roman *Acta Diurna*, were posted in public places. The right of perusal was not free, and here comes the beginning of journalism as a commercial speculation. Those who wished to read the *Notizie* had to pay a small coin, called a 'gazetta'; hence the name 'gazette.'—So, through many periods and many phases, to the newspapers of to-day, with their elaborate organisation; their excellent writers and reporters,

their news-services covering the world; their experts, staff, and otherwise; their magnificent machinery; the perfection of production peculiar to the best of them; their power for the highest good and for—that which is less good.



BETTER THAN THE CONVERTED TRAM-CAR! A RAILWAY CARRIAGE AS A CLUB-HOUSE—WITH A SCREENED PORCH ADDED TO IT.

This particular photograph was sent to us from America, and was taken at a summer resort in Jersey. The railway carriage is one of the old wooden kind, which are being retired in the United States owing to the comparatively easy way in which they are smashed in any accident, and the fact that they provide fuel for any fire which may start after such a disaster. As it is becoming evident that all-metal railway carriages are likely to supersede the wooden ones in this country also, we may soon find such club-houses over here—just as we already have them of old tram-cars.—[Photograph by Jones.]



A BELL-BOY OF BILLINGSGATE: CALLING BUYERS TO A FRUIT-SALE.

The method of calling customers to the fruit sale-rooms about the Monument is here illustrated. The foreign fruits which come to London from the South, especially the Mediterranean coast, are now arriving in ever-increasing quantities, and before each sale the bell-boy here photographed makes a round of the streets and the refreshment-houses, ringing a bell to announce each sale and call buyers to it.—[Photograph by Clarke and Hyde.]

\* "The Press and Its Story." By J. D. Symon. (Seeley, Service and Co.; 5s. net.)



## TO 'ER' IS HUMAN!



THE PUZZLED MAGISTRATE (*to Witness*): Now, Madam, please give us your version of the fight.  
 THE WITNESS: Well, yer Worship, if 'er 'ad 'it 'er like 'er did 'er, 'er'd a killed 'er, or 'er 'er.

DRAWN BY WILL OWEN.



# A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

## MOLLIE GAINS A WRINKLE.

By F. HARRIS DEANS.

"I DIDN'T," cried Mollie earnestly, "I didn't, really, Elizabeth. I wouldn't *do* such a thing." As a matter of fact, she was defending herself against a charge of smiling at a good-looking boy who had looked at her as he passed.

"I saw you," said Elizabeth, in a tone that should have been conclusive.

"I don't really think you could have, Elizabeth, because I didn't. Honour. I was just screwing my face up because the sun was in my eyes. Look—like this." She contorted her countenance, and paused a moment for Elizabeth's inspection. "I do think you've made a mistake this time, Elizabeth. Don't you, Cousin Dick?"

"You were encouraging him," said Elizabeth decisively, while I was still struggling with a cough.

"Oh, Elizabeth, I wouldn't," said Mollie, obviously hurt; "not him."

"He oughtn't to want to be encouraged," I said disgustedly. "Now if I were only younger——"

"You—you're not very old, are you, Cousin Dick?" said Mollie, raising her downcast eyes for a moment and regarding me. I avoided Elizabeth's eye, and straightened my tie.

"He's old enough to know better," declared Elizabeth.

"Everybody's old enough to know better," I said gloomily. "I'm old enough to *be* better. That's the tragedy of life—our virtues are as deep as our wrinkles."

Elizabeth gave me a covert glance of warning.

"You mustn't listen to what Cousin Dick says, Mollie," she said brightly. "He talks nonsense sometimes, just for fun."

"Yes, Elizabeth," said Mollie submissively.

"Here's Mrs. Veralour," said Elizabeth hurriedly, as our hostess approached. "I want to speak to her. Take Mollie away, and mind you look after her."

That is the explanation of how I found myself sitting under the trees with Mollie.

I lit a cigarette and smoked it thoughtfully. Mollie twirled her sunshade, and prodded at the turf now and then.

"Aren't you ashamed of yourself?" I inquired at last. "Making eyes, at your age!"

"Mm," said Mollie, which might have meant anything. She hesitated for a moment, and then, with a consciousness of her daring, added, "I—I suppose it's because I haven't got *many* wrinkles, Cousin Dick."

"Hey?" I said, staring at her slightly flushed cheek, having forgotten my earlier remark about virtues and wrinkles.

"It's so frightfully slow in the country, Cousin Dick," she went on hurriedly. "You've no idea."

At this moment the nice boy who had caused the smile that led to this conversation passed by. He knew me slightly, and I acknowledged his embarrassed salute.

"Shall I call him over?" I asked Mollie.

"Good gracious, no!" she said disdainfully. "He's only a kid!"

"Youth is a crime that is soon expiated," I declared. "I wish I were nineteen again."

"You don't?" she cried, aghast.

"I do. I'd give ten years of my life."

"Oh!" said Mollie. "Ten—*ten* years, Cousin Dick?" she faltered. "Aren't you—wouldn't you give more than *that*?"

I regarded her reprovingly.

"A man," I asserted, "is as old as he feels, not as he looks. Besides, I'm sitting in a bad light. As a matter of fact, at this moment I don't feel an emotion more than nineteen."

Mollie gurgled.

"Does it feel nice?" she inquired sympathetically.

I pursed my lips.

"It feels different," I said cautiously. "There's no happy medium in life. At nineteen one is too young to know; at—well, at my age, one is too old to remember. Let's—let's suppose, Mollie, eh?"

Mollie cast a half-frightened glance towards where Elizabeth was still talking to Mrs. Veralour.

"Yes," she said in a whisper, "let's." She prodded the toe

[Copyright in U.S.A.]

of her shoe with the end of her sunshade. "Let's *what*, Cousin Dick?"

"Just suppose I were nineteen," I said. "You doubtless would refuse to speak to me, and I—well, what should I do?"

"Write stupid notes," said Mollie unthinkingly, looking over towards the good-looking boy, who was standing under a tree, striking matches and forgetting to apply them to his cigarette. Then she blushed vividly.

"Oh," I said inquisitively, "and should I get replies to them?" I wanted to know.

"I don't know," she protested, with rather overdone innocence. "Depends what you were like at nineteen."

"I was irresistible," I said confidentially. "Don't look at me like that—this tree's casting a shadow on me. I was. You ask——"

"Who?" she demanded eagerly.

"Ah, well, never mind; she's married now. Let's hope she regrets it."

"I'm sure she does, Cousin Dick," said Mollie kindly.

"I expect she does," I agreed. I reflected a moment. "But there, I daresay she'd have regretted me more if she had married me."

"Ye-es," said Mollie hesitatingly—though I hadn't wanted her a bit to agree with me. I think my expression must have conveyed this to her, for she added hastily, "I think you'd make a simply perfect husband."

"You do?" I said, enchanted. "What makes you think that?"

"Well"—she hesitated—"Elizabeth's very fond of you, isn't she?"

"She allows me to think so," I agreed. "But there, she's old enough to think the best of me." Elizabeth, it must be admitted, is not a month less than five-and-twenty.

"She—she's awfully nice, I think," said Mollie, with that touch of compassionate admiration that comes so objectionably from the tongue of extreme youth. "You're just suited for each other."

"Yes," I said, with a sigh; "I suppose we both of us deserve that. By the way, how old are you, Mollie?"

"Why?" said Mollie defensively.

"I only asked. Seventeen, aren't you?"

"I'm eighteen," she cried indignantly. "I was seventeen nearly a month ago."

"Seven—I mean, *eight-teen*," I said musingly. "Ah, well, perhaps it's just as well I'm no younger."

"Just as well?" she echoed in consternation. "Why not, Cousin Dick?"

I dismally indicated the nice boy, who was scowling at a flower-bed a few yards off.

"My hair wasn't curly at nineteen. I shouldn't be able to compete with him."

Mollie blushed once more, and from the grunt which came from the flower-bed I gathered somebody was waiting for me—well, to become my patriarchal self again.

"I—I'd rather talk to you," declared Mollie, though a trifle half-heartedly.

"Age has its opportunities no less than youth," I quoted, glancing over towards Elizabeth, who had just finished her chat with Mrs. Veralour. "Will you wait here while I grow up—I mean, while I get Elizabeth?"

Mollie nodded, and as I walked away, though I heard the scrunch of the gravel path where the nice boy had been standing, I forebore to glance back.

"Well," said Elizabeth, as I rejoined her, "you haven't been too bored, have you? Where's Mollie?"

"She's waiting under the trees," I said.

"Let's be by ourselves for a few minutes," she suggested, squeezing my elbow. "I suppose she'll be able to amuse herself?"

"I expect so," said I.

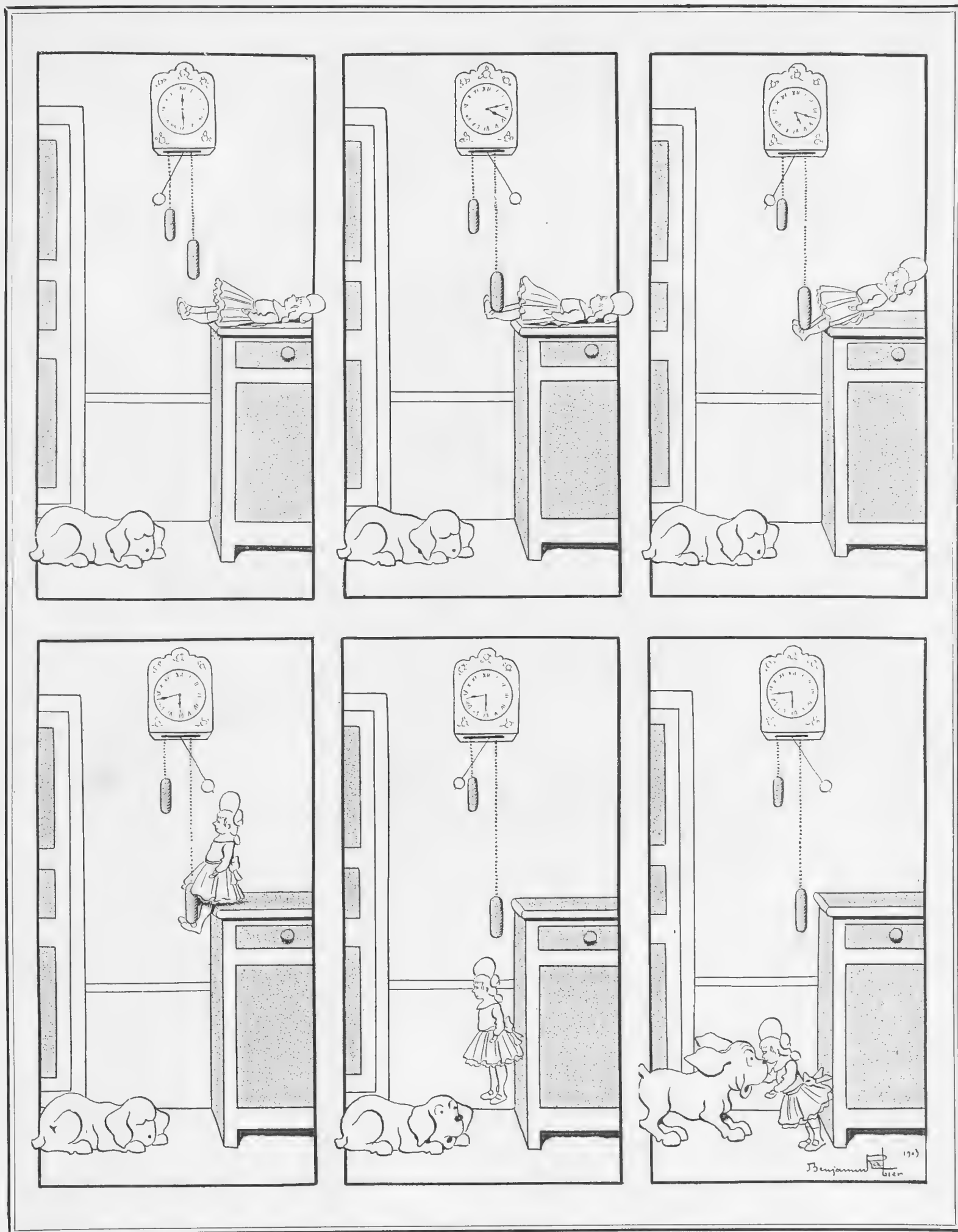
"She hasn't been flirting with anybody, has she?" asked Elizabeth, remembering her responsibilities as an elder cousin.

"She's been with me all the time," I said.

THE END.

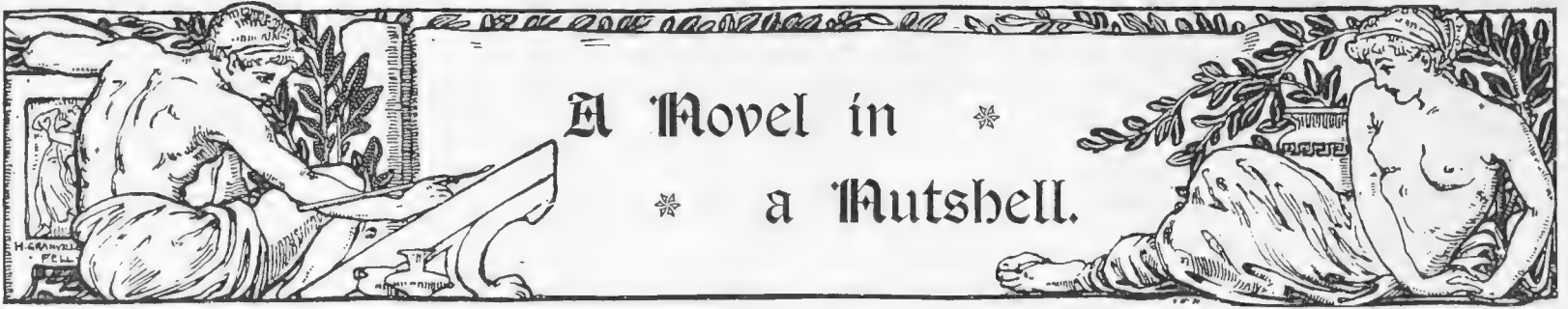


WHEN OTHER LIPS.



"THE PUPPY AND THE POUPÉE; OR, LOVE'S AWAKENING"—AN ALARUM IN SIX TICKS.

DRAWN BY BENJAMIN RABIER.



## THE CRIME OF YOUTH.

By F. HARRIS DEANS.

HAVING learned that Elizabeth was in the library, I was about to stroll in that direction, when something struck me on the right ear—hard. It was a chocolate. Thomas picked it up and offered it to me with much gravity.

"Thank you, Thomas," I said, taking it; "I won't eat it just now. Er—in the best houses sweets are served on a tray—or in the bag."

"Yes, Sir," said Thomas, glancing towards the head of the staircase.

"Waste not, want not," I observed, as he retreated; "I'll save this goodie for little Mollie—she'll be glad of it, I know."

"Cousin Dick," called Mollie softly, emerging from her hiding-place, and descending the stairs, but with a cautious eye on the library door. "Oh, Cousin Dick, be a sport."

"A sport," I said. "Is that your idea of sport, nearly braining me with chocolates? It's lucky for me it was a soft, creamy one, instead of toffee."

"I had to throw something, else you wouldn't have stopped. I told Thomas to tell you, but he wouldn't. I think he's afraid of you."

"Thomas!" I said, perking up. Thomas is the largest-size footman on the market. "Thomas afraid of me? Ha! This is very gratifying. I must give him a little tip when I leave."

"Do be a sport and back me up, Cousin Dick," persisted Mollie piteously. "I'm in such disgrace."

"What have you been doing?"

"Nothing. Not really *anything*, Cousin Dick. Elizabeth's going to tell you about it in the library. You will pooh-pooh it, won't you?"

"I can't promise to pooh-pooh it," I said. "A little tut-tut, perhaps, but I can't pledge myself to a pooh-pooh."

Before I could say anything further Mollie had turned and stumpled up the stairs as fast as a hobble-skirt—which seemed to shrink with every step she took—would let her.

"Hu'o, Elizabeth," I said easily. "I was just looking for you."

"Was that Mollie talking to you?"

"Mollie?" I stared round vaguely. "Oh, Mollie—er—b'jove, what glorious weather, eh? Are we going in the library?"

"Yes. I want to tell you about Mollie."

"I'm dying to hear. What's she been doing?"

Elizabeth bent towards me and hissed something in my ear.

"What?" I cried. "I didn't catch it. Hang it, don't keep me in suspense like this."

"Flirting," said Elizabeth, a trifle more distinctly.

I gasped. I was too shocked for words.

"I'm so glad you see the seriousness of it," said Elizabeth, in a relieved tone. "I was afraid you were going to laugh."

"Laugh!" I expostulated. "Am I a hyena? Hang it all, I've some proper feeling."

"She's only seventeen, you know," she went on.

"Yes, it's too bad. Rob her of all confidence."

"Oh, well," murmured Elizabeth, "perhaps not quite that. We shall trust her again, in time."

"We!" I cried, in surprise. "Who's *we*?"

"Why, we," explained Elizabeth, staring—"Aunt, Mamma, and I."

I regarded Elizabeth indignantly.

"Do you mean to tell me that you, of all people, have sided against the little girl?"

"Yes, of course I have. I thought you felt the same as we did."

"Certainly not," I cried. "I was regretting, for her sake, that she was found out—so young. She'll lose all confidence in herself."

"But, seventeen," objected Elizabeth; "why, it's no age."

"No age," I retorted. "Look here, what is Mollie—a girl or a bottle of wine? Youth's the time for love. I remember when I was nineteen—and a boy of nineteen, mark you, is considerably younger than a girl of seventeen—I was——"

Mollie, very opportunely, chose this moment to enter the room. Another moment and, carried away by a generous emotion, I should have delivered my past as a hostage for the future.

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"I thought—we thought, perhaps you'd speak to her, Dick," said Elizabeth. "Sit down, Mollie."

Mollie seated herself on the extreme edge of a chair, crossed her ankles, and folded her hands in her lap.

"Don't think you're going to get round me by looking so demure," I warned her. "I'm old enough to have forgotten my youth. I'm with the enemy. Yes, you may well look ashamed of yourself."

"I wasn't looking ashamed of myself," said Mollie mildly.

"So much the worse," I said, wagging a finger at her, "so much the worse. You don't realise that you have committed an unpardonable sin."

"Oh, Dick," expostulated Elizabeth. She crossed over to Mollie and patted her shoulder. "He doesn't mean it, Mollie dear. It was only a little thoughtlessness, wasn't it?"

"I don't care if it was thoughtlessness or not," I cried. "Mollie has committed the unpardonable sin of reminding us of our long-lost youth."

"Oh!" said Elizabeth.

"But for Mollie," I went on solemnly, "we might have drowsed the years away, unconscious that they were passing. It is not until the past confronts us like a mirror that we see in it that we have aged. The years bring with them the anodyne of forgetfulness. It is only when we realise that we have *forgotten* our youth that we remember that we are aged."

"I—I haven't forgotten my youth," said Elizabeth, with the coldness that comes from fear.

"You, perhaps not," I admitted; "but *I* have. That's what makes me so bitter against Mollie. Why, I have forgotten when we first—" I checked myself, remembering Mollie's presence.

"It was in a wood," mentioned Elizabeth casually; "we were looking for violets together."

"It's—it's coming back," I said hopefully. "You were seventeen; I was somewhat older—in years. We went home together, arm-in-arm."

"Yes," agreed Elizabeth, "and don't you remember, Mamma saw us while we were standing in the porch."

"Do you know," I said, feeling for my cigarette-case, "I don't believe she really *did* see what we did. It was too dark to see, and she was too far away to hear."

"What *did* you do?" cried Mollie, breathless with interest.

I lit a cigarette.

"Why," I said, crossing my legs, "why—er, what she complained of. Anyhow, I know I was packed off home. What really did happen to you, Elizabeth?"

"Lectures," said Elizabeth mournfully. "I think nearly every relative I had read me a lecture on the subject."

There was a thoughtful silence for some moments. Elizabeth and I were thinking, not unpleasantly, of the past; Mollie was less agreeably employed in thinking of the present. I endeavoured to cheer her up by calling her attention to the future.

"Shut your eyes and swallow your powder like a good little girl, Mollie," I said persuasively; "you'll have plenty of jam presently."

"Jam?" queried Elizabeth.

"Why, yes," I said; "when she gets too old to want any more powders herself, she'll get her jam taking it out of *her* younger cousins."

Mollie dropped the corners of her mouth expressively at this prospective consolation.

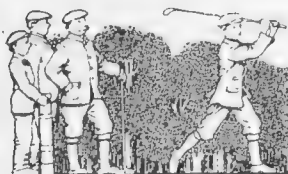
"It isn't a pleasure to have to scold Mollie," declared Elizabeth, a trifle hurt. "Though an elder cousin, Elizabeth is but five-and-twenty herself. "There was nothing actually *wicked* in what she did. I think Mamma and Aunt regard it too seriously."

"That's because you're not old enough yourself to see it in its proper light," I said severely. "I consider her behaviour was abominable. Isn't she going to be punished at all?"

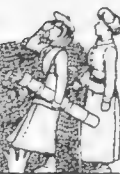
"No," said Elizabeth, regarding me defiantly; "she's done nothing to be punished *for*. Come along, Mollie, we'll leave him to be grumpy by himself." She paused in the doorway, and added over her shoulder: "I haven't forgotten when I was seventeen, if you have."

THE END.





# ON THE LINKS



FROM GRAVE TO GAY: LOSSES TO GOLFING JOURNALISM, AND A BRITISH VICTORY IN CANADA.

## Gone from the Game.

This truly great season is dying hard in the matter of important and interesting news of events and suchlike. And the worst of it is that a little of it is sad news. While I was in America I heard of the death of poor Garden Smith. For some years past he had had a very painful time of it with his bad health, and he bore his troubles with heroic fortitude. He had a way of saying strong things in a strong way, and was a man of strong prejudices which were not always very well founded; but nobody questioned that he had the good of the game at heart, and in the long run he certainly did do it very much good. His fund of anecdote, especially of old-time golf, was a very rich one; and I remember one day some years ago, when sitting at his bedside a day or two after he had undergone a most serious operation, he began reeling off tale after tale of old championships, apropos of the death of Jamie Anderson, which had just taken place. He asked me

at that time to get printed a story which he remembered about Jamie when playing for the Open Championship at Prestwick, and, being in a very fair way for winning when he had but two or three holes to go, teeing up his ball in front of the proper place, and having his attention called to the mistake before making his shot by a little girl who was standing by and watching him. He changed the place where his ball was teed and then made the shot, holed in one, and won the Championship. It was a very remarkable occurrence, and since then the story has been printed hundreds of times, though I doubt if it had ever been before. The day after I got back I met Mr. Harold Hilton in the Strand, and he confirmed the news that had reached me that he had just been appointed editor of *Golf Illustrated* in the place of poor Smith, whose intimate friend he was. I

suspected, perhaps himself included. He stood staunchly for conservatism and for Scottish golf, and in all his writings there was such a ring of good sense, fine tradition, and keen appreciation of all that is best in golf, and they must have been such an influence in the North, that the game must undoubtedly be the poorer for his loss. And poor Stewart was always a good and faithful comrade at these championships, where the work that has to be done is vastly more difficult than those who merely read can ever imagine. In his own sphere he did his duty well, and peace be to his spirit now!

## England in Canada.

But turning from this melancholy side of things, just think

of the joy-note that was struck away in Canada a few days since, when Miss Muriel Dodd, our lady champion, won the Canadian Ladies' Championship; and, unless I am much mistaken, the little party of three who sailed from our shores in quest of Transatlantic spoils a few weeks since will gain more of them before they come back home; and something of more importance than the championship title of Canada. Yet this was a



A DISTINGUISHED COMPETITOR IN THE CANADIAN LADIES' GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP: LADY SYBIL GREY.

Lady Sybil Grey played with credit in the Ladies' Open Championship of Canada at Montreal. Her score in the qualifying round was 94. Lady Sybil is the elder of the two daughters of Earl and Countess Grey, and was born in 1882.

Photograph by Swaine.



DESIGNED BY A WELL-KNOWN AMATEUR TO MAKE PUTTING EASY: THE NEW PUTTER INVENTED BY MR. WINKWORTH SCOTT.

The new putter designed by Mr. Winkworth Scott, the well-known Parklangley amateur, is made of steel, and the shaft is absolutely rigid.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.

should like to congratulate both him and the journal of which he has taken command. No man understands the science of this extraordinary game better than Mr. Hilton does, and no man can discover more readily the features and the faults of another man's play, or detect the reasons why certain things happen that should not, and other things don't that should. In this way he makes descriptions of golf that is played, especially when it is of the autobiographical kind, far more interesting and instructive than does any other man I know.

## Stewart of the "Scotsman."

And then the other day there was the melancholy news that poor James Stewart, of the *Scotsman*, one of the best and soundest and most experienced writers on the game who have ever seen a proof, had succumbed to the malady that was first making itself felt when we were all together during that wet and stormy time at the Open Championship at Hoylake this summer. Few of us who said good-bye to him then—and he was about the last man to be left in the journalistic tent when the shades of evening were falling on the scene of that eventful championship—can realise now that that was the last good-bye, and we are vastly sorry, deeply grieved, as we come to realise it. Stewart was a power in golf—a greater power than many people



IN THE RUNNING FOR "THE TRIPLE CROWN": MISS MURIEL DODD, LADY CHAMPION OF CANADA AND GREAT BRITAIN, AND COMPETITOR IN THE AMERICAN LADIES' CHAMPIONSHIP.

Miss Dodd, who won the British Ladies' Championship at St. Anne's last June, also recently carried off the Canadian Ladies' Championship on the Dixie Links at Montreal. She was due to compete in the American Ladies' Championship, arranged to begin at Wilmington, Delaware, on October 13, and thus she had a chance of winning what is known as "the triple crown," as Miss Dorothy Campbell did two years ago.

Photograph by Sport and General.

very good thing to win, if for no other reason than that it was really the first success gained by any of the numerous invading parties of different countries that there have been this year. The attacks of the Americans on Britain and those of Britons on America have all failed. True, Lord Charles Hope won the French Amateur Championship; but then, that event is largely a British and American affair. It is possible that just about the time that these lines are being published a British player may have gained the title of Open Champion of France, for the event that takes place at Chantilly is the last big one of the season, and it began on Monday. But there is very far from being any certainty about this, with Gassiat (who won last year), Massy, Tellier, and some other Frenchmen of great golfing power in the lists against the little party of Britons who went over there after they had done with the P.G.A. tournament at Walton Heath.

HENRY LEACH.



### A COUPLE OF STAIRCASES AND AN IMITATOR.

ANY doubts that may have been entertained concerning the continued vitality of the revue were very quickly dispelled on the first night of "Keep Smiling!" and the Alhambra looks like profiting by its decision to adhere to the paths forsaken—temporarily, at any rate—by the Empire and Hippodrome. The new revue shows every sign of having been, in the course of its preparation, the object of earnest thought and what is now the fashion to call "meticulous" care. The gangway has been retained, but it is in front of the stage and does not wend its way through the stalls, and is utilised with moderation. Quite early in the proceedings we are shown a diverting travesty of "Sealed Orders," in which the topical allusions are many and pointed, and which is enlivened by some good grotesque dancing by Mr. Cook. The item has been devised by Mr. Cosmo Gordon-Lennox, who has also contributed one scene called "The Music-Hall Street," in which we are first

giant staircase extending almost from the footlights to the top of the stage, on which various "turns" of varying degrees of merit are executed. In this instance there are no fewer than seven variations of the examples of what can be done with the invention. Processions of costers, Scots, Hibernians, and other people perform evolutions to music of the most thunderous proportions. Amid an ever-increasing din, a couple ascend and descend in Tango fashion. Mr. Willie Solar ascends the stairs in a curious manner all his own, and then rolls down. A lady in black-and-white, assisted by a chorus in white-and-black, sings in a deep voice. A step-dancer then appears and illustrates his art from bottom to top, to be followed by a toe-dancer who practises her line of work from top to bottom. And the "turn" concludes with a parade of not very exciting costumes heralded by a perfect pandemonium of brazen instruments, drums, and cymbals. I would hesitate to say anything having a tendency to damp the pride which Mr. Ned Wayburn obviously feels, but I am constrained to express the opinion that never in the annals of variety has such an ear-splitting racket been heard within the walls of a music-hall; whilst, possibly because of the haste in which the "turn" was produced in order that it might be the first of its kind, there is little of the artistic or the beautiful to be discerned in the dressing. Personally, I do not feel that I possess the necessary stamina for the enjoyment of such strenuous reverberation, and I came away in a condition of physical wreckage.

#### The Art of Mimicry.

Nowadays the caricaturists who work with the pen are finding themselves somewhat short of material, and our mimics appear to be in the same fix; but, all the same, a music-hall audience always welcomes imitations, and is never hypercritical in its estimation of them. Miss Cecilia Loftus and Miss Marie



"AND THIS IS JEMIMA": COLONEL DIGBY SHOWS HIS WIFE HIS SPECIMENS OF AQUATIC WORMS NAMED AFTER HIS VARIOUS PET AVERSIONS AMONG HIS ACQUAINTANCE.

introduced to Mr. Hale as the hindquarters of a horse, and to another ingeniously contrived item, in which a plentiful supply of fun is extracted from the peccadillos of a husband and the vagaries of the telephone system. This is followed by another entertaining incident which shows us the summits of Nelson's Column in Trafalgar Square and the Statue of Liberty in New York Harbour, with an interchange of badinage between Miss White as Liberty and Mr. Hale as Nelson, terminating with the transmogrification of the Admiral into the First Lord of the Admiralty. Closely following this comes an ambitious Assyrian ballet entitled "Asiduenia," in which Miss Mossetti dances with agility and acts with intensity, and Miss Phyllis Monkman is also effective. The music is by Glazounov, Rimsky-Korsakov, and others, and the fact that it is conducted by Mr. Landon Ronald ensures its being heard to the best advantage. There are many other well-thought-out incidents, including the much-talked-of staircase, on which Miss Mossetti and others distinguish themselves, and which gives an opportunity for the display of some charmingly quaint costumes; and when the finale is reached, Mr. Hale takes the conductor's place and directs the orchestra. The whole is bright and gay. The humour is of good quality, the dancing and singing reach a high standard, and the mounting is lavish. No; the revue is far from dead yet.

#### The Escalade.

It is, however, the Hippodrome to which the credit must be given of being actually the first to afford us a sight of the vaunted staircase. This contraption is stated to be the offspring of the restless brain of an American gentleman named Ned Wayburn, of whom it is predicated on the Hippodrome programme that he "conceived, invented, wrote, composed, and produced the whole affair." Here we again have the



IN HIS ONCE-IN-TWELVE-YEARS "HELL-LET-LOOSE" TEMPER: COLONEL DIGBY (MR. NORMAN McKINNEL) RAVES AT HIS ANGELIC WIFE (MISS GRACE LANE) IN "COLLISION," AT THE VAUDEVILLE.

Mr. Norman McKinnel is terrific in "Collision," the new play of Anglo-Indian life at the Vaudeville, as an explosive Colonel whose conversation consists largely of "hells" and "damns" and "blasts." In striking contrast to his volcanic temper is the angelic disposition of his wife, admirably played by Miss Grace Lane. Twelve years ago she had seen him rave in a fit of fury, and lived in terror of the next eruption, which, of course, occurs during the play. In calmer moments he has a hobby of collecting aquatic worms, named after people he dislikes, and he shows them to his wife over their morning tea.

Dainton are always sure of a gratifying reception, and amongst the males Mr. Cyril Clency has firmly established himself in public opinion. He is now giving some mimetic representations at the Tivoli which will further enhance his reputation. I must own to growing a little tired of the reiterated imitation of Mr. George Graves and Mr. G. P. Huntley; but in these, as in his portrayals of Alfred Lester and Wilkie Bard, Mr. Clency succeeds in giving very faithful pictures; while his version of Mr. Martin Harvey as Sydney Carton in "The Only Way" is very good indeed. While he can reproduce voices with capital effect, Mr. Clency is not such a good showman as some of the others; and in his sombre attire he sometimes hardly seems as good as he really is.—ROVER.



# THE WHEEL AND THE WING

SUNBEAM SPEED : LANCHESTER LONGEVITY : A HANDBOOK FOR SWITZERLAND : NAPIER'S CONQUEST OF — THE ALPS.

## Sunbeam's Staggering Records.

Assuredly, there would appear to be no end to Sunbeam successes. No sooner has one extraordinary and brain-bewildering performance been chronicled than another yet more startling and wonderful has to be recorded. Just too late for reference in these notes, the Grand Prix Sunbeam driven by Chassaigne in the last Grand Prix achieved, under the guidance of the above-mentioned driver, Lee Guinness, and Resta, the appalling total of 1078 miles in twelve hours, beating the previous best by no less than 163 miles 1616 yards. To compass this really stupendous feat, the Sunbeam car was urged round the Brooklands track at an average speed of 89.85 miles per hour—or as near 90 miles per hour as makes no odds. From the published accounts, it would appear that during the twelve hours' run the car stopped, for one cause or another, nine times; but, unfortunately, the total duration of those stops is not given. Were the figures available, the period could be deducted from the total time, and the true average running speed obtained. It must, of course, have been considerably over 90 miles per hour—indeed, Resta made one lap at just on 100 miles per hour. One must not forget to mention that, amongst other things, Dunlop tyres and Shell spirit conducted to the triumph.

**A Rare Old Car!** Now that Mr. C. W. Dixon, of Great Roke, Witley, Surrey, has put his ten-year-old Lanchester through a performance to which it was subjected ten long years ago, we shall probably find many owners of ancient grey-beard cars making the poor things re-enact the great deeds of their youth, just to show that there is life in the old cars yet. In 1903 this Lanchester, with its two-cylinder air-cooled engine and weird air-scoops, was driven by its present owner over a very trying

## "The Continental Switzerland."

The Continental Tyre Company are tireless (!) in well-doing in the interests of motorists all the world over. Their hand-books and atlases cover the greater part of Europe, and now they have added to the series by a most comprehensive work dealing with Switzerland. Now that touring motorists sigh continually for fresh worlds for their wheels to conquer, this book will prove of great value to those who yearn to do Switzerland.

The handbook follows closely on the lines of those that deal with other countries of the Continent—Holland, and so on—and will be found interestingly descriptive of the highways, towns, mountain passes, and so on. The information with regard to hotels and garages is precise and profuse—indeed, the motor tourist needs no other guide to the country for his purposes. Perhaps the most valuable feature of the work is the atlas of sixteen sectional maps from the State survey, and to a good scale. The volume is sold at 2s. 6d., and can be obtained in French and German combined.

## The Test Tremendous.

Very shortly there will be left no area of the Old World for Napier cars to conquer. If they would gather fresh laurels, they will have to attack the Andes, the Cordilleras, or the Rocky Mountains. The latest amble on the part of a 30-h.p. totals no less than 2106 miles, and includes every pass of note in the Alps and the Dolomites to a total of no less than 66,000 feet of mountain-climbing. The Stelvio was attempted, but the climb had to be abandoned, owing to the inconsiderate intervention of an avalanche. This really wonderful car has been driven, at twenty miles an hour, round the continually recurring hairpin bends of the Alpine passes without a single stop or falter, without boiling or the remotest suggestion of boiling,



THE ONLY ALPINE PASS UNCONQUERED IN A GREAT MOUNTAIN - CLIMBING TEST: A 1914 MODEL NAPIER TOURING-CAR ON THE STELVIO, THE HIGHEST CARRIAGE-ROAD IN THE WORLD.

A wonderful test of power, efficiency, and endurance has just been carried out, under R.A.C. supervision, by a 30-35-h.p. six-cylinder Napier car, one of the new 1914 models. Within a fortnight the car, with a party of four, traversed 2106 miles, from London through France and the French, Swiss, Italian, and Austrian Alps, and back to London. In the Alps it did over 66,000 feet of mountain-climbing, and conquered all the principal passes, including the Pordoi, the Falzarego, the Mont Cenis, and the Simplon, with the single exception of the Stelvio (9041 feet), which was completely blocked by 16 feet of snow. The average speed was 20.3 miles per hour, and the fuel-consumption, 18.09 miles per gallon. There were no involuntary engine-stops. On its return the car (still carrying four) did a flying half-mile at Brooklands at 62.61 miles per hour.

without one involuntary engine-stop, without adding one drop of water throughout the test, with an average consumption of eighteen miles to the gallon, with four up and baggage; and then, in the same trim, with the final attainment of 62½ miles per hour at Brooklands. And all this under the strict, adamant observation of an R.A.C. observer, who, from the moment of boarding a car to quitting it, leaves sympathy behind him and becomes nothing more than a rigorous, impeccable recording-machine.



STORMING THE ALPS ON A SIX-CYLINDER NAPIER: THE CAR ASCENDING FROM THE AUSTRIAN SIDE IN TYROL.

route of 505 miles in 24 hours 20 min. Consider the age of the pair old beastie, and ponder the huge mileage it has piled up to its credit since 1903. Now, in its old age, it has shown that no particle of its youthful vigour has left it, for only a few days ago this veteran was brought out and driven most satisfactorily and most successfully over the same course, but better by ten miles in the same space of time. This speaks volumes for the original Lanchester design and Lanchester production of those far-off days.



AT THE FOOT OF THE SAN LUGANO PASS: THE NAPIER CAR WAITING FOR THE REMOVAL OF AN OBSTACLE IN THE SHAPE OF A CART.

without one involuntary engine-stop, without adding one drop of water throughout the test, with an average consumption of eighteen miles to the gallon, with four up and baggage; and then, in the same trim, with the final attainment of 62½ miles per hour at Brooklands. And all this under the strict, adamant observation of an R.A.C. observer, who, from the moment of boarding a car to quitting it, leaves sympathy behind him and becomes nothing more than a rigorous, impeccable recording-machine.



WHEN Mr. Bernard Shaw put a man called Balsquith on the stage, he left his actor in some doubt as to which of two public men should serve as a model for the little mannerisms of real life. The only time that Mr. Shaw was responsible for an unmistakable picture of one single heroic figure instead of a composite character was when an actor appeared, in one of "G. B. S.'s" plays, with the red beard and flowing brogue of "G. B. S." himself. At the present moment the identity of the original of the artist in "The Great Adventure" is puzzling playgoers. It is confidently whispered that Mr. Ainley has borrowed the hesitating, nervous manner he uses with such effect directly from Mr. Sargent. But Mr. Sargent must not be alarmed at the report that he has been transported to the stage; for, whatever rumour says, Mr. Ainley's artist is the living reproduction, in voice and gesture, not of Mr. Sargent, but of—Mr. Balfour!

*Mr. McKenna's Advantages.*

"A. J. B.'s" friends have been amused to discover the likeness; and a titter in the stalls the other night several times greeted some little movement or inflection of voice on Mr. Ainley's part that was in no way funny save as a reminder of the ex-Premier. In the audience last week were several politicians, among them the Home Secretary, with Mrs.

Mrs. McKenna, who recognised the rendering: the curious thing would be if, in the midst of so much recognition, Mr. Ainley is himself unconscious of the Balfour likeness. Mr. McKenna, by the way, was alive to the little slip of the author of "The Great Adventure" in alluding to Holloway as a male prison. The audience in general has not had the same advantages as Mr. McKenna, and lets the allusion pass without a murmur.

*A Private View.* A large gathering attended the private view of the "International" at the Grosvenor Galleries, and though it was not larger than the attendance at the opening day of the Spanish Old Masters in Grafton Street, it was livelier. In the presence of the sombre Spaniards, people talked in whispers; in the presence of the Nicholsons and Strangs and Beardsleys, the company was more at ease. Women looked fifty per cent. prettier, and at least one man was witty at the expense of the paintings—a thing not one had dared to be under the frowning eye of Velazquez's "Philip." Edith, Countess of Lytton, Mr. Hobhouse, the Countess of Macclesfield, Viscount and Viscountess Enfield, and Mrs. Ralph Peto (more beautiful than any paint) were among the visitors.



MOTHER OF A NEW HEIR IN SUCCESSION TO THE LANSDOWNE MARQUISATE: THE COUNTESS OF KERRY.

The Countess of Kerry, who gave birth to a son on Oct. 7, married the Earl of Kerry, Lord Lansdowne's elder son, in 1904. She is a daughter of Sir E. S. Hope. Her daughter, Lady Katherine Fitzmaurice, was born last year.

Photograph by Rita Martin.

Lord and Lady Worsley and Lord Gerard made all their African plans between the acts of two Barrie plays. Lord Dunsany, it is said, also determined upon a hunting trip while musing in the stalls; at any rate, he was the first to start for East Africa. But in his case there is supposed to be some logical connection between the theatre and big-game shooting. It was at the first-night of "Androcles" that he was attacked with a violent desire to shoot a lion, and he has gone where it is safe to do so.



AT THE OPENING MEET OF THE BRIGHTON AND BROOKSIDE HARRIERS AT PYECOMBE: THE MASTER, MR. WILLIAM FOSTER, HANDS ROUND REFRESHMENTS.

Photograph by Sport and General.

*Big-Gamesters.* Several little groups of travellers, with the latest rifles packed in cases not too brilliantly new (a few African labels and scratches are dear to the heart of the Londoner), have already sailed for the land of big-game. Lord Gerard, Lord and Lady Worsley, and Mr. Michael Wemyss embark on the same boat on Saturday; Lord and Lady Arthur Hay are packing for an expedition of the same sort; and Lord Lonsdale has got as far as talking about one. He is very much inclined to take a holiday after his labours at the Coliseum, and the holiday that seems best to him at the moment is one spent among the wild beasts of East Africa.

*The Lion Fever.* Why the general desire for adventure in the

breast of the Londoner? No sooner is he back from fierce sport on the grouse-moors than he turns his thoughts to big-game hunting. Lord Lonsdale, while carrying through, in the gentle company of Sarah, a charity performance at the Coliseum, feels the call of the wild;

Lord Gerard made all their African plans between the acts of two Barrie plays. Lord Dunsany, it is said, also determined upon a hunting trip while musing in the stalls; at any rate, he was the first to start for East Africa. But in his case there is supposed to be some logical connection between the theatre and big-game shooting. It was at the first-night of "Androcles" that he was attacked with a violent desire to shoot a lion, and he has gone where it is safe to do so.

*Getting and Spending.*

Although the American tourist in his multitudes vanished from the capitals of Europe several weeks ago, there was, until last week, a number of distinguished visitors from the States in London. Bond Street was made very much aware of the presence, for instance, of Mrs. Vanderbilt; and just before she sailed for home last Thursday, quite a procession of messenger-boys and commissionaires linked up Claridge's with the "stores" of her choice. Mrs. Pierpont Morgan sen. left London the same day. Her presence in the street of artistic merchandise brought with it many thrilling memories, if

nothing more, to dealers whose incomes were in danger of being just about halved at the death of her husband. Where, indeed, can they hope to find another customer who bought on such a colossal scale as the late financier?



MISS MARY KNOLLYS, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO MR. CHARLES CECIL IBBETSON WAS ARRANGED FOR OCT. 14.

Miss Mary Knollys is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Knollys, of Houghton, Datchet.

Photograph by Swaine.



MR. CHARLES CECIL IBBETSON, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO MISS MARY KNOLLYS WAS ARRANGED FOR OCT. 14.

Mr. Charles Cecil Ibbetson is the only son of Captain and Mrs. Ibbetson, of The Cedars, Datchet.

Photograph by Swaine.





# WOMAN'S WAYS

By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

## The Much-Abused Britons.

If we do not mend our manners and improve our minds, it will not be for want of reproof from all quarters. Not only does the foreigner

twit us with all our human foibles and view our deportment unfavourably, but a multitude of home-manufactured critics are for ever telling us of our crude insularities. Yet the Englishman travels more than any other civilised person, and presumably to see strange cities and study exotic manners. How can we be so desperately attached to our own ways when we are always taking train and steamer to get away from this island and see how other people live? The criticism might reasonably apply to French men and women, who are notoriously difficult to transplant to alien soil; but the Englishman clearly seems to be equally content by Greenland's icy mountains or India's coral strand. The other day that ardent Gael, Lord Ashbourne, assured us that the Englishman is "the most prejudiced, insular, narrow-minded, and impossible person the world has ever seen." On the Continent he is "an utterly incapable fool" who "looks for his own language, customs, and habits wherever he goes, and complains when he does not get them." This general statement seems a little severe on the men who have ruled India brilliantly for a hundred years, and who have brought prosperity and order to Egypt; but, nowadays especially, it behoves us to listen with respect to the voice of our Irish critics.

## English People Abroad.

Personally, I have always

found English people travelling abroad childishly pleased with all the small details of foreign life. They will go into raptures over the morning coffee and rolls; sit on chairs in the street or in gardens on a cold night consuming syrup-and-water, and vow it is the only reasonable way of living; will haunt Munich *Bier-halle* or *cabarets* in Montmartre, though they are choked with smoke and wearied by meretricious shows—and all because these things are foreign, and therefore attractive. The women-folk of these Continent-lovers never wear anything that is not bought in Paris, unless it is an effort by a Vienna tailor or the military cloak of an Italian officer. They deck themselves with jade from Pekin and strange kimonos from Tokio, and the garments of a Persian dancing-girl may furnish forth the wardrobe of their private life. The same class of people patronise, in London, the Russian ballet, the French play, and the German opera, but look askance at our native drama, and only accepted Shaw and Aubrey Beardsley when they had been played or imitated in every capital in Europe. It is the English who, for more than two centuries, have made of Italy the Mecca of Europeans, not to mention the West. From the times of Shakespeare we have been in love with Italy, and now our passion for the foreign and the strange carries us over Siberia to Pekin, across the African jungles and waterways, or up into the mysterious mountain places of Peru. We cannot get, at any rate for a time, far enough away from the smugness and the

comforts of our island. We demand the unfamiliar and the strange, and that, possibly, is why the Balkans, with their turbulent peoples and exotic aspect, make such a singular appeal to both English men and women. We have here the alluring Unfamiliar almost at the cabin-door of the Calais packet.

## Civil War and Women.

Many comfortable but naïve persons suppose that civil war is impossible in Ireland. Have we not, they argue, the pleasing spectacle of Mr. Winston Churchill and Mr. F. E. Smith yachting and otherwise hobnobbing together, while occasionally the same dinner-tables Asquith? Will slim young officers

which are frequented by Mr. who dance at Dublin Castle refuse to give orders to fire in Belfast? We may venture to say that none of these factors will have any weight once the trouble begins. To fight is inherent in the nature of unregenerate Man, and the torch of civil war is aflame sooner than any other. In that striking book on the War of Secession in 1861, "The Crisis," the American Winston Churchill showed us how rapidly even affectionate families were divided, and brother fought against brother, and even father against son. If events unhappily lead to the loading of rifles, it is difficult to foresee the end. The Nationalists and the Radicals are behaving much as the English behaved at the beginning of the South African War. But you may belittle and scoff at your enemy only to endure the humiliation of a Magersfontein and a Colenso. Meantime, the women of Ulster (wisely fortified by the promise of a vote in national affairs) seem quite as keen as the men. Some of those resourceful English girls who have learned ambulance work, and can pick up wounded men and carry them off the field of battle, may soon earn their laurels. Only a complete absence of the historical sense can blind people to the fact that we are on the eve of the most serious events since 1689. Except the inhabitants of the Balkan kingdoms, I fancy the Irishman—whether of Connaught or Ulster—is one of the few civilised persons left who is



DRESSES SHOWING THE NEW "LAMP-SHADE" TUNICS.

The centre figure wears a black velvet dress. The tunic is made of satin with a double flounce, and has a drapery round the shoulders, bordered with skunk; the same fur appears as an edging on the skirt. The left-hand dress is composed of night-blue satin, with the lamp-shade tunic of silk voile garlanded round with narrow strips of skunk. Skunk is also seen in a fichu effect on the bodice. The hat matches the dress in blue velvet and ostrich-plumes. On the right is a gown of black velvet and chinchilla. The tunic is made of closely pleated voile, and has a satin sash draped low over it.

perennially "spoiling for a fight." And let no one suppose, unless something drastic is done, that he is going to forego it at this vital moment.

## The Fashion for Eccentricity.

It is a hopeful sign of the times that no one nowadays minds in the least being eccentric. You may show your bare toes in Bond Street, or appear garmented like an ancient Greek at the British Museum, and no one allows himself to be astonished. And so snobbishness and convention are getting their death-blow. Yesterday, on an upland path, I met a young man in a smart Norfolk suit (but no hat) pushing a perambulator, while he conversed in a high Oxford voice with his small daughter and a cheery bob-tailed sheep-dog. A decade ago, he would not have had the moral courage to do it, to have met my eye and gone on his way gay and unperturbed.

## CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

*The Next Settlement begins on Oct. 29.*

## BRAZIL.

THE outstanding feature of the Markets during the last week or ten days has undoubtedly been the weakness of all Brazilian securities, both Government and Commercial.

Brazil Tractions have been heavily sold from the Continent, and the 1913 Loan, issued by Rothschilds, has been as low as  $8\frac{1}{4}$  discount! All sorts of rumours have been current, and those mysterious and opulent Beings called the Bears have joined in the fun.

Reports of the failure of a jute firm in Rio were greatly exaggerated, and the firm has now been helped over its difficulties. In connection with this matter a further rumour arose—namely, that a "moratorium" was to be declared, and the sinking funds on the Government loans to be discontinued. Now, under Brazilian law, the Courts have power, upon the application of a firm in temporary difficulties, to allow a certain time for that particular firm to delay payments. This is called a "moratorium," and is, of course, a very different thing from the commonly accepted meaning of the word in Europe. Hence the rumours.

The country has undoubtedly suffered severely from the fall in the price of its two staple articles of export—namely, rubber and coffee, which has caused a heavy adverse trade-balance, and money is very scarce; but we do not for a moment believe that there is any prospect of Government default, or anything like it—at any rate, not unless there is a very serious fall in the rate of exchange. Some £6,000,000 in gold has already been sent abroad, but about £20,000,000 still remains in the Government's coffers to meet such further demands as may arise.

With regard to the future, therefore, we are hopeful of better things: there seems a prospect of an advance in coffee prices, which will improve matters. Certainly we feel convinced that the present nervousness has been overdone.

## THE SHELL TRANSPORT MEETING.

Sir Marcus Samuel gave an exceedingly interesting, if rather sketchy, account of the progress of this Company's business at the meeting last Friday. The profits for 1913, he stated, will exceed those of last year by a million pounds, provided that sales and prices are maintained; and we think there need be no doubt that this will be the case.

The Chairman dwelt upon the necessity for acquiring oil territories in various directions in order to render the Company's distributing organisation independent of local troubles, and able to guarantee the fulfilment of large and increasing contracts. He then referred to the curious position of the oil industry in Mexico and California, where the production is in excess of the present demand, and expressed the opinion that such a state of affairs cannot be permanent.

Among the details of the purchase of the Californian Oilfields, Ltd., it is interesting to note that the directors of the Shell Company have undertaken to find £200,000 in cash to pay off the Debentures, because they are strongly opposed to any oil company in which they are interested having Debentures at all. Altogether, the Californian property now owned consists of 5760 acres of good oil-lands, with a production of 900,000 tons a year.

Satisfactory progress is reported from Russia, Roumania, Borneo, and Sarawak, while the only disappointment is afforded by the developments in Egypt (especially at Gensah), but even here hope has not been yet abandoned, and there is a weekly production of about 230 tons, which, with supplies from other sources, will, it is hoped, enable the refinery to pay its way. In conclusion, the chairman stated that other subsidiaries in which they held shares or options were all doing well, and promised to increase largely the Company's earnings.

## BUENOS AYRES GREAT SOUTHERN AND BUENOS AYRES WESTERN RAILWAYS.

Especial interest attaches to the Reports of these two Companies on this occasion, owing to the explanation afforded of the recent abandoning of the amalgamation scheme. The directors explain that the Buenos Ayres Provincial Government has received authority to construct about 3000 miles of line in the districts served by the two Companies, and therefore, they did not feel inclined to proceed with the scheme. The merger would, of course, have helped both Companies to meet the suggested competitor, but in order to get the Government's sanction, considerable capital expenditure upon betterments would have had to be undertaken, and this, under the circumstances, the directors did not think advisable. This new development will have to be kept in mind by the investors, although the directors express the hope that, on further consideration, the authorities will realise the unfairness of their competition in zones which are admittedly well served by private enterprise.

The Great Southern Company did remarkably well during the period under review, gross receipts showing an increase of £1,165,000. Against this, working expenses advanced £682,000, the ratio to receipts working out at 56·3 per cent., against 55·83 last year; but a large part of the increase was due to heavy rains which necessitated increased expenditure on track-maintenance. The Ordinary dividend remains unaltered at 7 per cent. per annum, and the carry-forward at £473,600 is more than trebled.

The results of the Western Railway must also be considered satisfactory, although not quite so good as its neighbour's. Gross traffics in this case showed an expansion of £480,300, of which £160,300 was retained as net revenue. Here again the ratio of working expenses to receipts showed an increase from 55·22 to 57·11 per cent. Extension interest absorbed £48,000 more on this occasion, and although the dividend remains unaltered at 7 per cent., it has to be paid upon a larger amount of stock, and therefore calls for £135,000 more than in 1911-12.

With regard to the future, both Reports are very reserved: current traffics show rather heavy decreases to date, which are explained by the earlier crop movements, a large part being shipped at the end of the last financial year instead of the beginning of the current one. An improvement can therefore be expected in this direction before very long. Crop conditions in the Argentine are hopeful: we hear that a larger area is likely to be sown with maize, while the areas under wheat, oats, and linseed are expected to be about the same as a year ago.

## NORTH CAUCASIAN OIL.

The shares of this Company have recently enjoyed a very big rise—from about 15s. or 16s. to the current figure of 26s. 3d. This has been caused partly by the knowledge that the Shell Transport and Trading Company have seen fit to acquire a large interest, and partly because the production has increased and the weekly output now totals about 3500 tons of crude oil, which the Shell Company have contracted to purchase at the price of similar oil at Baku—and, as all the world knows, the present figure is a fabulous one.

In view of the big rise, they would seem a little dangerous to buy the shares at the present level, but during the last few days there has been a lot of what a broker described as "nosey" buying. By this somewhat curious phrase he did not refer to the religion of the buyers, but to their propensity for smelling out rises before they take place.

We believe it will be found that there is a very large increase in the production during the next fortnight or three weeks—an increase to, say, 4000 or 4500 tons a week.

Some anxiety has been felt as to whether the present rise has been manipulated by the Shell Company in order to enable them to unload some of the shares over which they hold options, but we have good reason to believe that this is not the scheme, and that they have no intention of selling shares at present. When the dividends come to be paid, however, we think the influence of this group's financial methods will be apparent: depreciation, we feel sure, will be attended to far more liberally than hitherto, and we shall be surprised if reserves do not receive some such sum as will ensure the shares being worth at least the option price, whatever the future may bring forth.

It looks, therefore, as though a speculative purchase would turn out profitable before very long, but we think it would be unwise to hold the shares for dividends.

## CURRENT TOPICS.

The price of iron, which was reduced by 10s. a ton in August, has again been cut down by a like amount, the current price being 145s. a ton. During the June quarter, the shipbuilding returns showed a decrease in the merchant tonnage under construction, and the figures for the quarter ending Sept. 30 reveal a similar state of affairs. Will the reduction in the price of iron restore the shipbuilding figures to their recent high level? We venture to doubt it, and investors would do well to read the signs of the times.

The history of the Boma (Nigerian) Tin Company will do nothing towards persuading the general public to return to Mining shares. Formed in March of last year with a capital of £130,000, an influential board of directors, and a glowing report from Mr. Huddart, the mining engineer, the Company appeared to have every prospect of success. Results have been so hopeless and so little money remains that the directors have been regretfully been compelled to advise a voluntary winding-up. The shareholders have agreed to this, and, though nothing more can be done, we feel that a little more inquiry into the affair could have done no harm.

The enthusiasm for a Central Rubber Selling Agency seems on the wane. When the project was first mooted we refused to consider it seriously, and we have not changed our opinion. It is now hoped that the fall in the price will knock Brazilian rubber out of the market and leave the field clear for the Plantation! This idea, to our mind, is about on a par with most of the suggestions which have been put forward to help the Rubber Market. With

*[Continued on page 64.]*



## THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

### Wedding Bells.

We shall not think to-day "when bells do chime 'tis angels' music"; we shall know that they ring in what we all hope will be the very happy and long life of a young Prince and Princess essentially our own, born among us, brought up in our midst. Their marriage is a kind of domestic royal event in which we feel an affectionate as well as a respectful interest. They are of blameless life and fairest reputation, and all our thoughts and wishes to-day are for their good. The bride had two great-grandmothers who were in a sense the mothers of Europe—Victoria the Good, whose blood flows in the veins of many rulers; and Louise of Denmark, clever, ambitious, and also good mother and mother-in-law of Emperors and Kings. The bridegroom is a young Prince of great ability as soldier and as diplomatist. Young as he is, he has proved his worth. The Princess Royal married the man she cared for amid the enthusiastic acclamations of the British people. She lived the life she chose, too, side by side with her husband—the life of a private noblewoman. Her only appearances at Court have been on such occasions as made the appearance of the Princess Royal necessary—the Coronations of her father and her brother, the State visits of foreign rulers. Her elder daughter comes back into the royal circle in a prominent position—young, rich, a happy bride. Long life and happiness be her portion!

### Fashions à la Ballet.

The Russian Ballet is, without doubt, responsible for the Persian skirt which is, perhaps, the principal new fashion of the autumn. Also it is responsible for Eastern trouser drapery, a vogue which has been

a cage-like stand. How far we have left all that behind was seen when, on three days in last week, Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street and Vere Street, had a show of their new models. On rows of chairs all round a magnificent salon, with palms and flowers in the centre, were ladies and (to my no small surprise) gentlemen, watching pretty girls from ten to thirty—quite the modern margin of girlhood—walking about to show on their own attractive persons some of the most distinguished and pretty dresses, cloaks, and hats I have ever seen. These *mannequins* were fitted at all points in the last moment of the fashion, and so one saw the effect of the fashions as in real life. To attempt to give the smallest idea of the smartness, beauty of line, colour, and effect of these things is futile; besides, they are so numerous and



MARRIED A FEW DAYS AGO: MR. FRANK PAWLE AND HIS BRIDE (FORMERLY MISS DORIS JUDD).

Mr. Frank Pawle, a popular member of the Stock Exchange, is the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Pawle, of Widford, Ware. His bride is the only child of Mr. and Mrs. Henry A. Judd, of 57, Drayton Gardens, S.W. The wedding took place at Christ Church, Lancaster Gate, and a reception was given at 4, Palace Court by Mr. James Clunes, the bride's uncle.

Photograph of Mr. Pawle by Lafayette.



TO MARRY MR. CHARLES KENNEDY HOGHTON ON OCT. 18: MISS SYBIL VIRGINIA ROYLE. TO MARRY MR. NAPIER CHARLES GORDON CAMERON: MISS CONSTANCE GERALDINE BROOKE.

Miss Royle is a daughter of Mr. Arnold Royle, C.B., of Albany Lodge, Esher. Mr. Charles Kennedy Hoghton, M.A., F.R.G.S., is the eldest son of Mr. Charles Hoghton, of Foxwarren Park, Cobham. The wedding is to take place at Westminster Cathedral. Miss Brooke is a daughter of Captain Harry Brooke, of Fairley, Aberdeenshire, and granddaughter of the late Sir Arthur B. Brooke, Bt. Mr. Cameron, of the Cameron Highlanders, is a son of the late General Sir W. G. Cameron, G.C.B.

Photographs by J. Weston and Lallie Charles.



TO MARRY MR. AUBREY BARKER TO-DAY (OCT. 15): MISS LUCY JEUNE WILLANS. TO MARRY CAPTAIN A. M. RUNDALL TO-MORROW (OCT. 16): MISS MARJORIE MARSHALL.

Miss Lucy Jeune Willans is the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. W. B. Willans, of Much Hadham, Hertfordshire. Mr. Aubrey Barker is the youngest son of Mr. John Lees Barker and Mrs. Barker, of Bowdon, Cheshire. The wedding is arranged for to-day. Miss Marjorie Marshall is the eldest daughter of the late Mr. Frank T. Marshall and Mrs. Frank Marshall, of Cullercoats, Northumberland. Captain A. M. Rundall, who is in the Indian Army, is the elder son of Colonel F. M. Rundall, C.B.

Photographs by Kate Pragnell and Lafayette.

gradually becoming more pronounced since the banning by smart women of the actual division in the skirt constituting what was called the harem fashion. The Russian Ballet was also responsible for the curious head-dresses that we saw all last season; lastly, it

introduced some of the grotesque hat-trimmings and the small, fantastic shapes in vogue to-day. These things are all full of fascination, and Englishwomen had gradually prepared themselves to wear them, not by a terpsichorean training, but by a similar reduction of figure by other means. However, when all is said, we prefer these followers afar of Karsavina and Pavlova in the ball-room. The suggestion so strong of the East does not synchronise with our London streets in winter.



MISS MAY OVERTON WILLS AND MR. H. N. H. GRIMBLE, WHOSE MARRIAGE WAS ARRANGED FOR OCT. 14.

Miss May Wills is the youngest daughter of the late Mr. H. Overton Wills and Mrs. Overton Wills, of Cannon Hill. Mr. H. N. H. Grimble, who is in the Leicestershire Regiment, is the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. F. Grimble, of Theydon Bois, Essex.

Photographs by Langfrier.

### Promenades des Modes.

Time was when we were satisfied to see what we were to wear in the coming six months exemplified by about a dozen models slipped hastily on a slim young assistant, or possibly shown to us only on

varied. I may mention without detail a lovely dress of peach-blossom charmeuse, with a long pointed tunic, and bodice drapery of black lace on which was raised a design in mastic colour. The tunic was outlined with diamanté, and the lines were flowing and graceful, albeit the length and slenderness of aspect were preserved. Most striking was a Persian-looking evening gown in black, brocaded with red and gold, made with a tightly fitting bodice, double-frilled basque, and long, slim under-skirt. Quaint and fascinating was a chiffon dress with a long, loose over-dress in palest pink and white, trimmed with folded chiffon roses. There were beautiful street costumes, coats and skirts, afternoon and fête-day dresses; also superb evening wraps in dull carnation rose velours, with a design raised in similar toned velvet, trimmed with skunk and with old-gold ornaments. The hats were smart, original, and becoming. Drapery is the chief thing in fashions for the house, and very charming it is as seen at this celebrated establishment.

### A Book of Fashion and Fact.

It is facts in fashion which are really appealing to womankind. There is a certain fascination about speculative modes, but there is real, downright satisfaction in being shown reliably and authoritatively what will be worn. Harrods know how to set forth fashion as fact in a way that is delightful and convincing. With judgment born of wide experience, and in a spirit of liberality which makes the firm's reputation one of the pleasantest in the world, they have produced an autumn fashion-book showing the costumes, hats, blouses and furs, and the lingerie which is the fashion for the coming months. The illustrations are clear, convincing, elegant; the styles depicted so numerous that every lady must be able to find those suitable to her own individuality. Each dress is described accurately as to trimmings and materials, and the price is clearly stated. The whole field of our dress is covered in this beautifully produced, dainty, and interesting book, which will be sent to anyone writing for it, and on which Harrods may be warmly congratulated.

*Continued from page 62.]*

regard to African and other species of wild rubber, however, the position is quite different, and supplies will undoubtedly tend to diminish.

The fierce competition between certain American interests and the English firms engaged in the frozen-meat trade is having a disastrous effect on profits. James Nelson and Sons have been compelled to pass the half-year's dividend on their First Preference stock. Like those of all other companies engaged in this business, the profits of this firm have always been subject to wide fluctuations, but it is necessary to go back to 1897 to find a time when the Preference shareholders had to go without a dividend. The consumer is reaping the benefit at present; but if the American interests triumph—!

It is a very good thing that the directors of Sandow's Cocoa and Chocolate Company consider the gross profit "highly satisfactory," because we fear the shareholders won't! The directors do not, we notice, comment on the balance-sheet, but since they signed it, we presume they like it also. We don't. In spite of the prospect of many advertisements, practically the whole of the Press slated the prospectus when it was issued, and in so doing were quite correct. The directors will arrive at the parting of the ways before very long, and will have to choose between the Devil of Reconstruction and the Deep Sea of Liquidation.

There is no doubt that there are two ways of spelling soap—and the other one is Pears! In the face of growing competition and increasing prices of raw material, Messrs. A. and F. Pears have paid 10 per cent. on the Ordinary shares each year since 1894. On the present occasion the directors are able to place £10,000 to reserve, and £850 to depreciation, and carry forward £36,600, which is £5500 more than a year ago. We imagine the shareholders will be happy now they've got it—the Report, we mean.

We hear that South Crofty shares are likely to get a bonus as well as the dividend of 1s. 6d. at the end of the year. The price hasn't moved much since we drew attention to these shares, but it has not declined, which is something in these hard times. We still like the shares for a spec.

The Nakamun Asphalt and Oil shares are being so assiduously advertised in certain papers that we should like to offer a word of

warning. Our advice to anyone about to apply for shares is—Don't. The money would be safer in the Bank of England.

Saturday, Oct. 11, 1913.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

A. P.—The outlook for the stock you mention is rather uncertain. We should suggest an exchange in International Railways of Central America Common and Preferred, or Guayaquil Bonds would probably prove profitable in the long run.

GRANGE.—We are inclined to think so. They are guaranteed by the Government until 1930, and conditions should improve before then.

EDMOND.—The city has borrowed quite enough, but if there is no further marked increase, we think you can feel safe as to both interest and repayment.

INSURANCE.—Sorry we were not quite clear, but we thought you would understand from our reply that we did not consider the liability need cause any anxiety. As a general rule, however, it is wise only for very rich people to have large holdings in any one company with a liability attached to the shares.

E. J. B. (Yorkshire).—We have answered you by post. Thanks for yours of the 10th.

B. J. T.—We deal with the subject editorially, and think you can continue to hold.

CASS. (Halifax).—(1) Your loss is so heavy that you had better hold on in hopes of a recovery, but the Bonds are not a good holding. (2) Hold; we think they will improve. (3) Interest probably safe, but any improvement above, say, 95, improbable. (4) A fair mine, but not much prospect of a recovery in price at present. Life about twenty-three years.

VERSOM.—Many thanks for your letter. We have been making some inquiries about the Railway, and hope to write a note shortly. The other shares may be all right as a gamble, but we do not advise you to hold them too long. We return your figures.

SAILOR.—We are always pleased to answer questions. Both the securities you mention are quite capable of looking after themselves while you are away. Bon voyage!

The Standard Bank of South Africa continues to make excellent progress. The report for the first half of the year shows that the gross profit is £34,500 better at £516,700. £25,000 is utilised to write down investments, £10,000 is placed to reserve, and £15,000 to bank premises account. Seven shillings a share is again distributed in the form of dividend and bonus, and £50,594 carried forward. The balance-sheet reveals a very strong position, and there is no doubt that the bank is managed in an exceedingly efficient manner.

## An Interesting Entry

for the recent

## Handwriting Competition

promoted by the Proprietors of

## WRIGHT'S Coal Tar Soap

The photograph reproduced here was sent by a Leicestershire miner, with a letter to the effect that, being no sort of an expert in penmanship, he had conceived the idea of working out in small white stones

picked from the road the verse which was set for competitors to write. This he has carried out on a grass slope in his garden, which is at the junction of three roads, and the novel advertisement has excited a good deal of interest.



# WRIGHT'S Coal Tar Soap

THE Nursery Soap.

4d. per Tablet.

Protects from Infection.



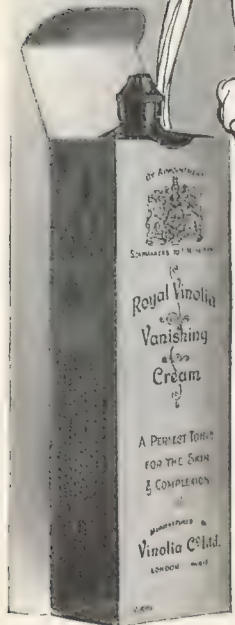


## ROYAL VINOLIA VANISHING CREAM.

MANY of the fair sex have a decided objection to greasy face creams, and to these ladies Royal Vinolia Vanishing Cream comes as the greatest boon. Although absolutely greaseless this dainty and refreshing cream is a skin food of the highest value and by reason of its stimulating and nourishing properties it keeps the skin in a thoroughly healthy condition. Royal Vinolia Vanishing Cream is completely absorbed by the skin, leaving it cool and fragrant and without the slightest trace of that shiny look which detracts so much from the appearance.

In Tubes, 6d. & 10½d. In Pots, 10½d.

VINOLIA COMPANY LIMITED, LONDON & PARIS.





*Revillon Frères*  
FURRIERS

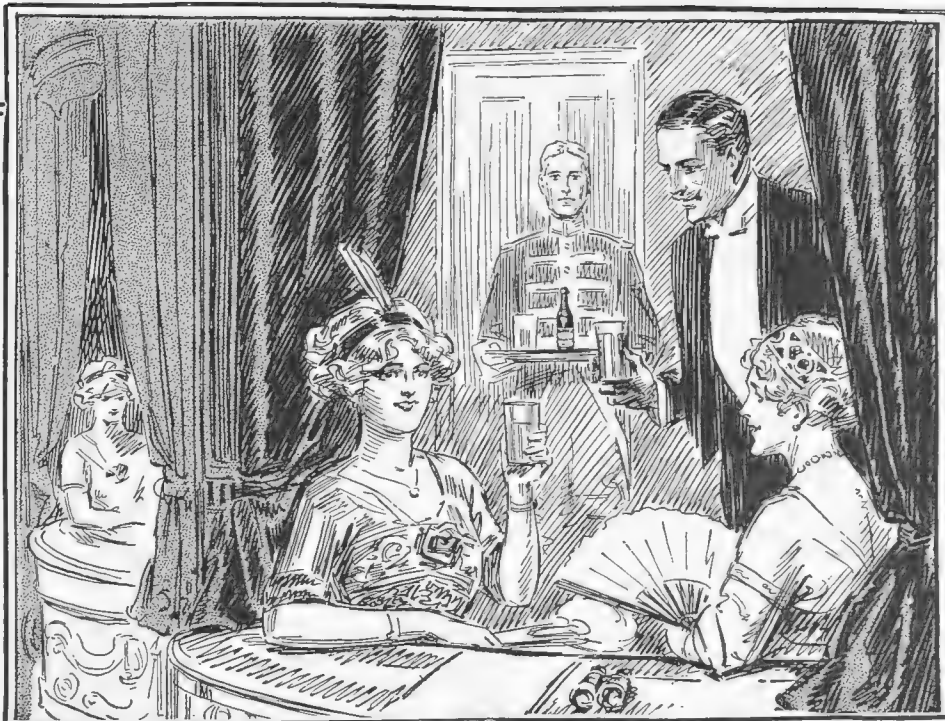
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180 REGENT ST. LONDON, W.

Established 1723.



AT the Play refresh yourself with ever-excellent "Ross." If the Play sparkles with wit and piquant situations, "Ross" also has sparkle and piquant flavour—its *tonic* qualities will keep you alert. If the Play is indifferent, "Ross" will help you to sit it out.



## ROSS'S *Belfast Dry* Ginger Ale



Made from the famous "Ross" Belfast well water and other equally choice ingredients. "Ross" blends perfectly with spirits. "Ross" Soda Water has the same natural blending excellence. Improves even the best whisky.

**W. A. ROSS & SONS, Ltd. (Sole Manufactory) Belfast.**  
LONDON: 6 Colonial Avenue, E. GLASGOW: 38 York Street. LIVERPOOL: 325 Tower Buildings.

"ROSS"  
Soda Water  
improves  
even the  
best whisky

### DURING SIX REIGNS



GEORGE V.



EDWARD VII.

FOR 133 years 'Bewlay's' have supplied smokers—Kings and commoners alike—with the quality that has made their name famous throughout the world. Their

### Flor de Dindigul CIGARS

are the very apex of smoking pleasure. You will find them smoked by men of judgment and taste—men who are only satisfied with the best—those who appreciate delicacy, mildness and coolness. Try them and judge for yourself.

The first taste of Bewlay quality is almost always the prelude to a lifelong preference for Bewlay products.

Flor de Dindigul Cigars, 3d. each (5 for 1/1) 50 for 10/3. Flor de Dindigul **EXTRA**, extra choice, 4d. each, 15/- per box of 50. Grandes (a long cigar in silver paper) 6d. each, 11/- per box of 25 (as supplied to the House of Lords). Of all good dealers throughout the world, or post free of Importers, BEWLAY & Co., Ltd., Tobacconists to the Royal Family, 49, Strand, London. Established in the Early Reign of George III.



VICTORIA



WILLIAM IV.



GEORGE IV.



GEORGE III.

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The Grate for the Ideal Home.

CARRON "Segmental" Interiors have been specially produced to meet the present artistic tendency for a simple, dignified firegrate with a touch of the antique.

They are worthy specimens of the iron-founder's art, and are in excellent taste with rooms designed after the "ideal home" fashion, where simplicity and freshness of outline are the characteristic features. Manufactured in a sufficient variety of designs to permit of wide diversity of taste—the metals, styles, and finishes giving a considerable range of choice.

Sold by all Ironmongers and Hardware Merchants.

Write for No 40 L "Segmental" Interior pamphlet (free) which gives all information.

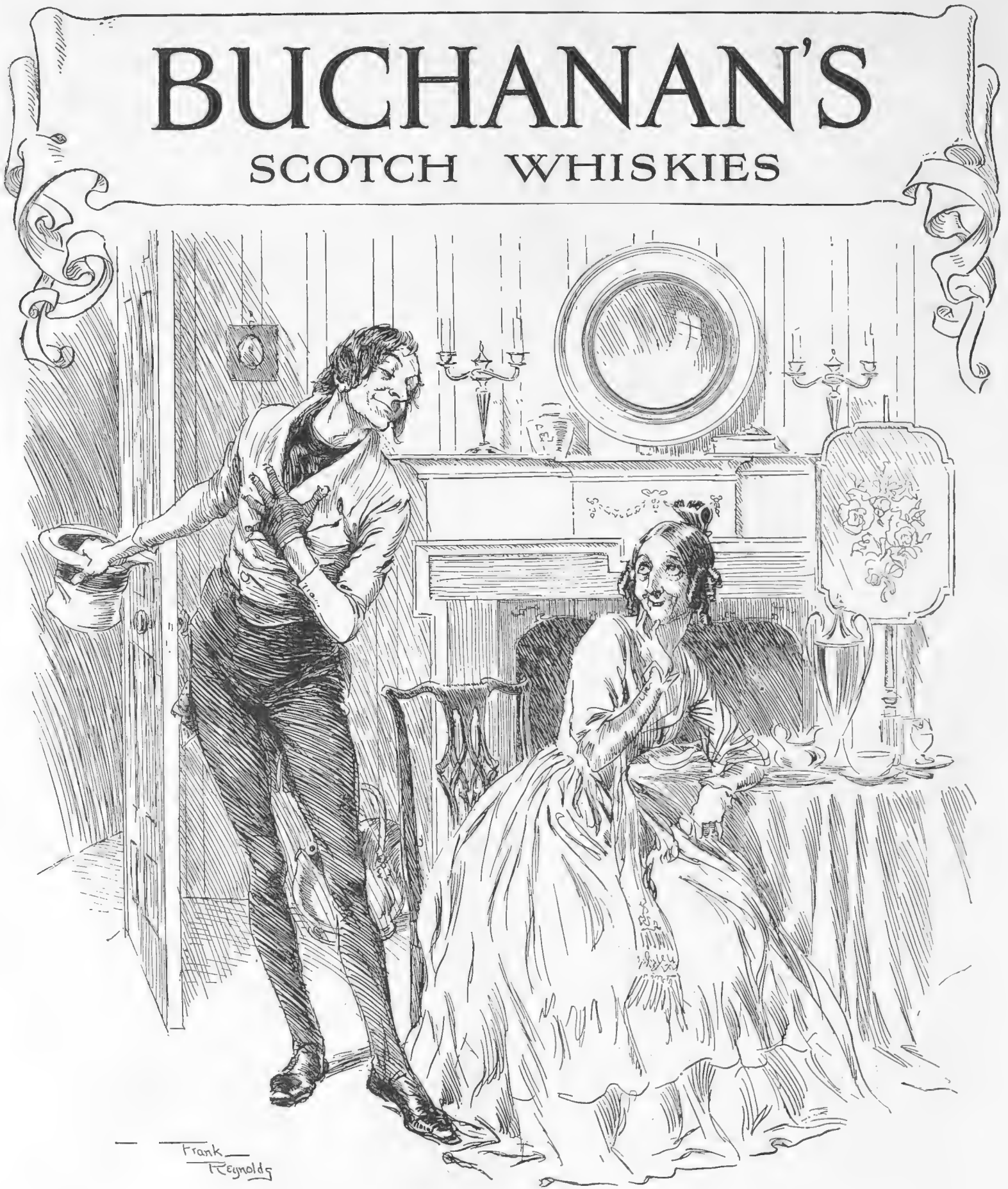
CARRON COMPANY, STIRLINGSHIRE.

Incorporated by Royal Charter, 1773.  
A complete assortment of Carron manufactures on view at the following Showrooms:—London (City) 15, Upper Thames St., E.C.; (West End), 23, Princes St., Cavendish Sq., W., and at Liverpool, Manchester, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Bristol, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Birmingham, and Dublin.



# BUCHANAN'S

## SCOTCH WHISKIES



Mr. Jingle and The Spinster Aunt (Pickwick Papers)

"The licence!" said Rachael, blushing.

"The licence" repeated Mr. Jingle—

"In hurry post-haste for a licence,  
In hurry, ding dong I come back."

The great and increasing popularity of "Black & White" and "Red Seal" at home and all over the world is evidence of the high standard of quality that J. B. & Co., Ltd., have always maintained. The large and exceptional stocks of matured Whiskies held—the largest in Scotland—to which additions are constantly being made, are a guarantee of the continuance of the superior excellence of these brands.

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## ALWAYS RELIABLE

The greatest sportsman of the last century, Colonel Peter Hawker, had complete confidence in Eley Cartridges. In his Diary (1802-1853) are many references to them. Here is one:

*"I killed all I saw, thanks to Eley Cartridges, with which I made such a succession of long shots as I never saw in one day."*

We have been manufacturing ammunition since the early years of last century and no ammunition manufacturer, or loader, handles or loads a greater variety of shot-gun powders, consequently our experience of the styles of powders and of the specification of loads which give the greatest satisfaction to sportsmen, is second to none.

Eley Cartridges are sold by all Gun-makers and Ammunition Dealers.

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Jameson**  
Three ★ ★ ★ Star  
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House Established 1780.



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No. 3490. Dull Black Chrome Leather.  
Extended Heel, &c. 25/-



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Exterminated by  
"LIVERPOOL" VIRUS  
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without danger to other animals  
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dead bodies. Intins ready  
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Virus for Rats, 2/6 and  
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Two champions  
for long-distance driving—

**DUNLOP TYRES**

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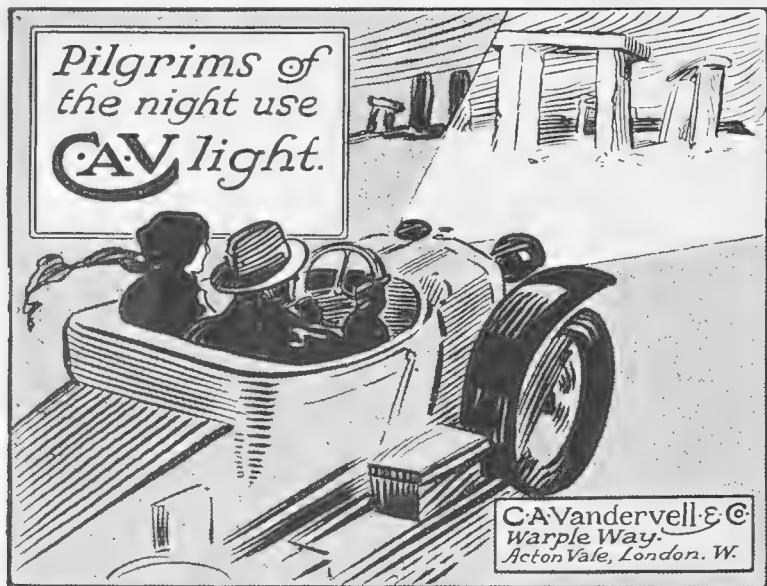
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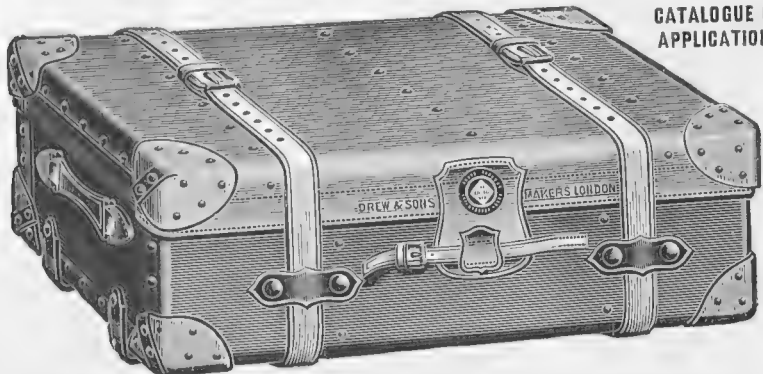
Berlin: S.W. 13, Alexandrinenstrasse 110.



**DREW & SONS,** Piccadilly Circus,  
LONDON, W.

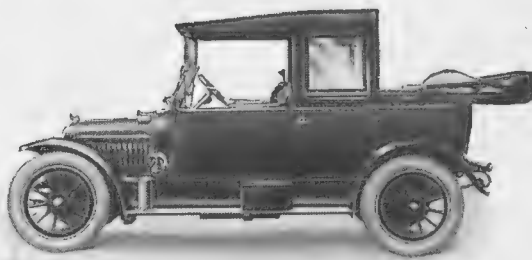
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Always in Stock, 500 Well-Seasoned Trunks to select from



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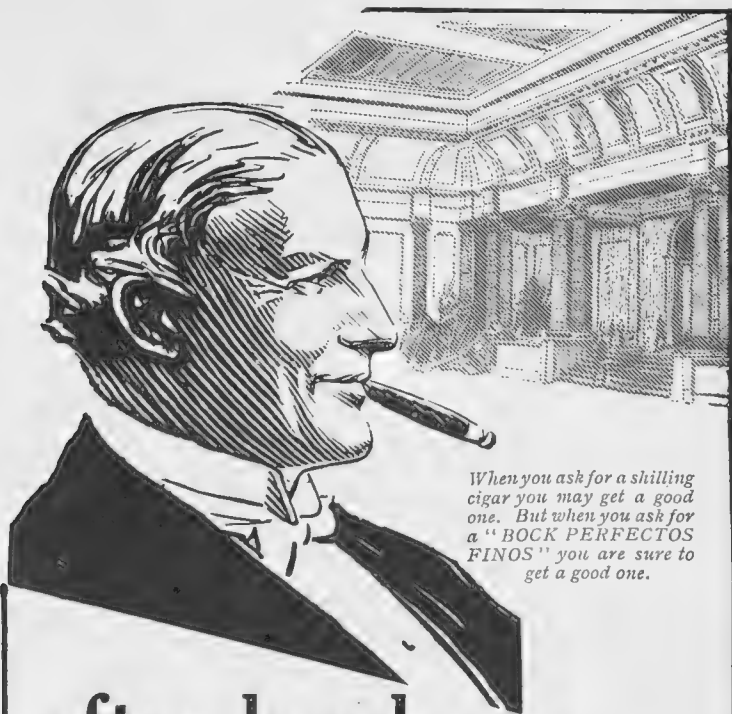
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fully open, half-open or entirely  
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When you ask for a shilling cigar you may get a good one. But when you ask for a "BOCK PERFECTOS FINOS" you are sure to get a good one.

## after lunch at the Savoy

Men who are in the habit of smoking fine cigars know better than to ask for "a shilling cigar." They order by the *brand*—they tell the waiter to bring a "**BOCK Perfectos Finos.**"

Other people who buy fine cigars less regularly sometimes think that because a cigar costs a shilling it must therefore be worth a shilling.

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For you cannot judge safely by the eye, or by the nose, or by the ear. You do not know whether a cigar is worth a shilling or not until you smoke it.

The only safe way is to do as men do at the Savoy—to ask for a "**BOCK Perfectos Finos.**" This is the finest 1/- cigar that Havana produces. It has a guarantee of a fine old Factory; it is always delightful, always reliable, always worth the money.



Actual size.

**BOCK**  
**PERFECTOS FINOS**  
*The Best 1/- Havana*

This cigar is smoked in the clubs and restaurants where men command the best that money can buy.



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Miss Emmy Wehlen, the talented and charming actress, writes:—"I have used Phosferine with really excellent effect on my general health. The unusual exertions and exactions of rehearsals make one nervously anxious and sleepless, and working indoors so much induces dull headache troubles which I find can only be effectually dispelled with Phosferine. It is really a capital tonic for keeping one bright and alert, and I believe promotes the quality and richness of one's voice, and I am quite sure it provides the sort of nervous vitality which improves one's personal attractions."—September 3, 1913.

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There is only one Phosferine—beware of illegal imitations—do not be misled by **PHOSPH THIS** or **PHOSPH THAT**, but get

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THE GREATEST TONIC AND DIGESTIVE.



Supplied by Royal Commands to—  
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The 2/9 size contains nearly four times the 1/1½ size.

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Marshall  
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THE Gown illustrated is in the new Matelasse Silk; collar and cuffs of kolinsky, bodice of handsomely embroidered chiffon in contrasting colours. Patterns and estimates on application.

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Every woman has the natural desire to possess a skin BEAUTIFULLY SOFT, SILKY and WHITE.

### "LES FLEURS" SKIN FOOD

is not only the most efficient, but also the most delightful and charming preparation to produce this effect.

Those transcendently pure and marble-like throat and arms are the gratifying reward of "LES FLEURS" culture.

That fresh, bright and clear complexion, denoting skin-health and beauty (the charm of woman) forms a living monument to

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Your toilet table is not complete without "LES FLEURS"—made from nature's own ingredients—the fruit of her fields and the flowers of her forests.

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CHEMISTS

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You can increase your walking powers one hundred per cent by wearing

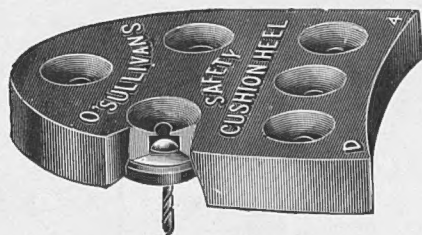
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Fitting extra.

They fit the boot. They cushion the foot. They outlast all others.

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## ANTIQUE and High-class FURNITURE,

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Decorated Satin Wood  
Half-Circular Commode.

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As supplied to His Late Majesty King Edward VII.

The Patented Expression Devices include:—

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You need only say "4711," please," for all Chemists and Perfumers throughout the world know, respect, and retail this incomparable perfume.



**4711**  
**Eau de Cologne**

Have you tried our 1/6 box of superfatted "4711" Eau de Cologne Soap?

## Have you been Sun-kissed?

To be "sun-kissed" sounds romantic, but unfortunately King Sol leaves, too frequently, on the fair cheeks of those to whom he grants these favours, imprints which are neither desirable nor attractive. The aftermath of the Summer Holiday, in fact, generally means a trio of misfortunes in the shape of **Freckles, Sunburn and Tan.**

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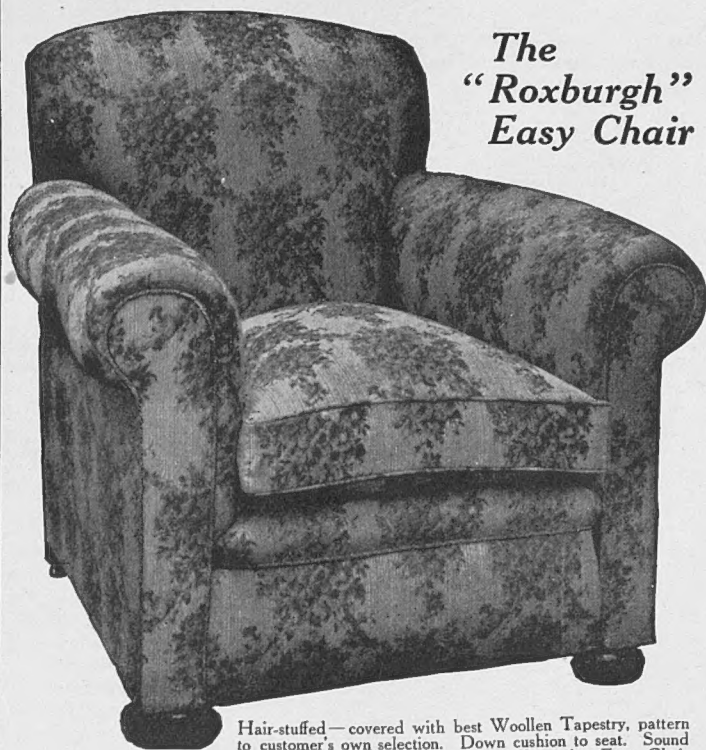
Yours truly,  
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**Peps**  
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For Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Laryngitis, and Bronchitis. Peps disinfects the throat and are absolutely free from opium, chloral, laudanum, and all harmful drugs. Of all chemists or from The Peps Co., Carlton Hill, Leeds.

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"Mothers ask me what I feed them on; they want their babies to be like mine." So writes Mrs. Cross, of Peartree Street, S.E., of her happy seven-months-old twins (shown above), reared from birth entirely on Mellin's Food.

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"THE NEAREST FOOD TO NATURE'S FOOD."

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*Sanderson's*  
"Second to None"  
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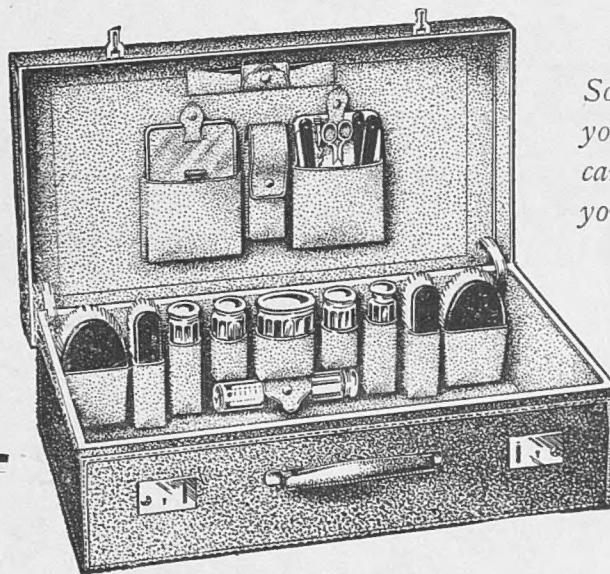
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leatherwork has a *cachet* all its own. For example, this Gentleman's Suit Case is made of the best brown hide, lined with pig grained leather to match, fitted with ebony backed brushes, and every article used by a man at his toilet.

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Market St.



## SHOOTING NOTES AND COMMENTS.

THE guns were ranged a few yards behind the upland hedgerow, and I found myself at the extreme end of the line, with the trunk of an old elm for cover. It was not a good position, the chances being that no covey would come that way, but there was a splendid view over the intervening land to where, in far distance, the long line of beaters could be seen moving in our direction. The way lay across clover-fields lately cut for seed, over newly ploughed arable, and one field of mustard on which sheep were folded. I have known the years when the coveys would come up one after another until more than a hundred birds had passed over the guns on this drive alone. To-day, eighteen birds were raised—a covey of eight, a covey of six, a barren pair, and two single birds. In the evening, when the bag was counted, in place of the thirty or forty brace that an October day in an average year would have yielded on this shoot, there were in all eleven brace of partridges, five hares, and five pheasants. Seven guns had been out, and five of them are good shots. On all sides one hears the same story; birds have done so badly that after the first day or two owners or tenants of partridge land have decided to shoot no more or to limit their efforts to the killing of the barren birds and old cocks.

Perhaps the villagers are almost as troubled as the owners of shooting, for the driving days are a source of sport and income. All over the countryside men in irregular employment look to the shooting. They find work as drivers, beaters, or stoppers, and they take half-a-crown or three shillings a day and a good lunch as well. I knew one lame lad who had learned to be quite a good loader, and looked to earn nearly ten pounds in the season. But, whether as loader or beater, there will be little demand for the countryman's services this year, and the loss that must be sustained by the village folk will be considerable. Many tenants of shootings hire motor-cars from the nearest main line junction, and spend the week-ends at some little hotel near the shoot. Others hire a house and entertain over the week-ends. The amount of money laid out in this fashion is very considerable; in the aggregate, it amounts probably to many thousands of pounds each week. This year will find the average expenditure reduced by a half or three-quarters, owing to the failure of the partridges and the custom of keeping pheasants for big days—due to the fact that the hand-reared pheasant, upon which the coverts depend, is not, and never can afford, a sporting shot under ordinary conditions. Where a good head of wild duck has been reared, there will be an addition to the year's sport; but though the raising is a simple matter enough, the

possession of land that will favour wild-duck shooting is rare. Hares are plentiful, but they are not to be taken seriously as sport-providers. So it is not a matter for wonder that complaints are loud and plentiful.

The vexed question of the owl has arisen again in the part of the country from which I write, owing to the arrival in the district of the Little Owl. Some say the bird was introduced into Northamptonshire by the late Lord Lilford, and that it has spread all over the southern counties and thriven everywhere. There can be no doubt about its penchant for young pheasants, and I have heard it very often during the summer in covers near here, the cry, which is raised about twilight, being strangely like the call of a cat. Ignorant keepers want no more than the assurance that one species of owl is doing damage to wage war upon all indiscriminately; but, happily, intelligent men are more considerate. The head-keeper on a big estate in the neighbourhood was discussing the question with me a few days ago, and made a very sensible remark. "It is worth while," he said, "to rear an extra hundred pheasants, and if that is done the damage caused by owls, hawks, and other birds of the kind will not affect the bag, while we shall have the full benefit of their work in destroying rats, mice, and other vermin." He has followed this practice with conspicuous success, and the men under him would think twice before shooting barn, brown, horned, or little owls. Consequently, the rides are not nearly so well attended by rats at feeding-time as are the rides on other places where fools are allowed to carry guns and point them at every suspected bird.

It is always a matter of surprise to me that more owls are not tamed. I have known people who have made pets of owls with the happiest results. The birds will take food from the hand, and after a little while there is no need for a cage; the bird will choose its own resting-place in the house, and will even go out hunting during the night and return day after day to its perch. The time of trouble comes with the end of winter, when the mating season is dawning. Then the owl that is not under restraint will disappear, and abandon the claims of friendship at the bidding of love.

It is safe to say that the wildest birds of the woodlands can be tamed with a little patience. I have a kestrel that will not only take food from my hand, but will welcome me with a series of single-note calls and permit himself to be stroked without any protest. I have tamed pheasants until they have followed me about like hungry chickens and fed from my hand; but this experiment is not a happy one, for when cover becomes scarce they go off to the nearest wood to enjoy a few days or weeks of fancied security, and then to face an end that one would have spared them for old acquaintance sake.—B.



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